

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE



THE ELKS IN THE WAR

In This Issue

MARCH 1942

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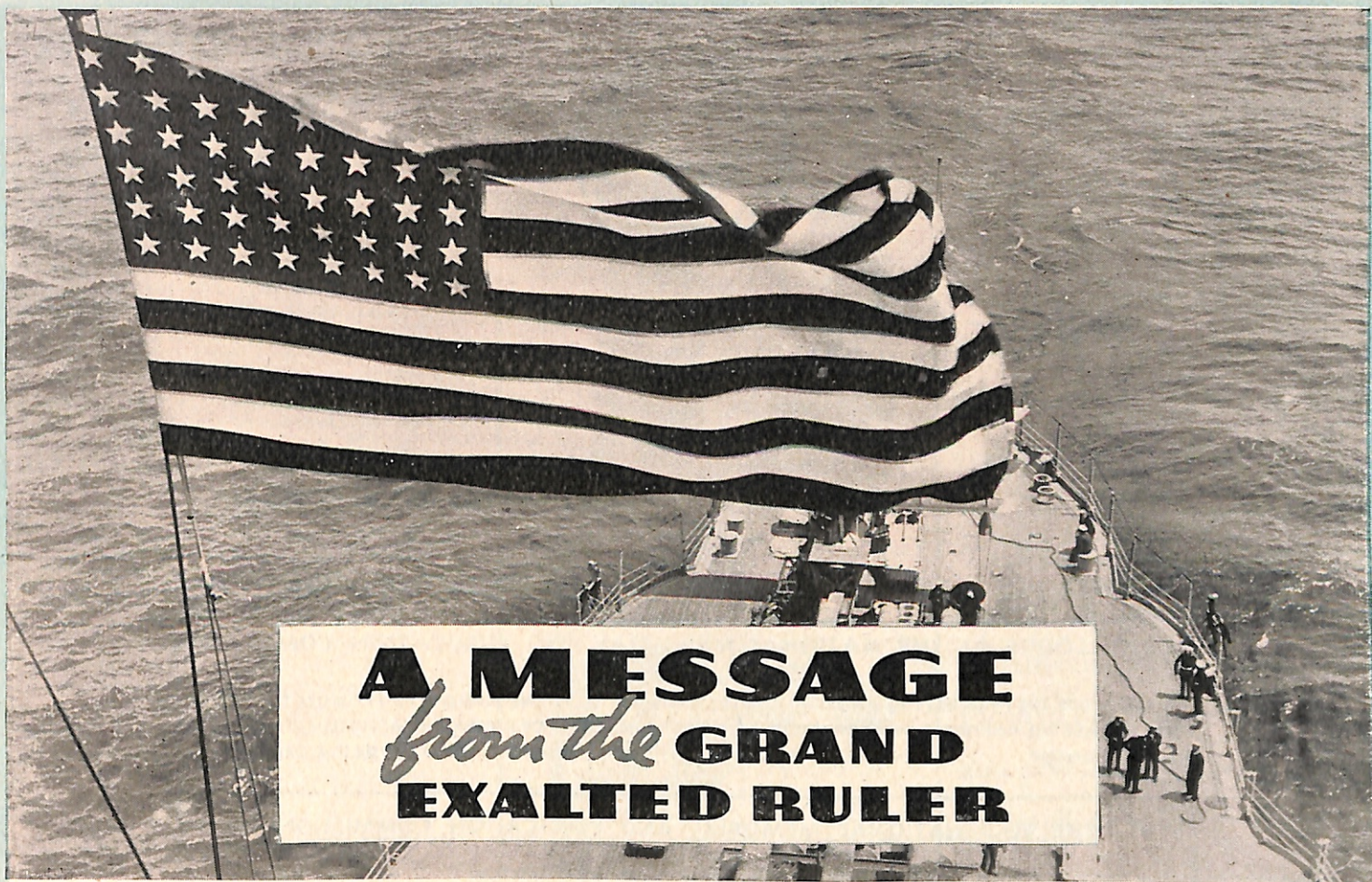
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A MESSAGE *from the* GRAND EXALTED RULER

Lenzart

HELLO, AMERICANS!

With the red shadow of war over the world and the United Nations employing every energy to insure the victory that must be won, it is gratifying to me, as your Grand Exalted Ruler, to observe how the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, as a unified organization and as individuals, has assumed leadership in those activities that are most helpful to our cause in this time of emergency.

Many of our number are in the armed services of the United States, many more are contributing to civilian activities, and the great heart of our Order is in tune with those who hold that freedom—the American kind—is worth any price we are called on to pay.

Yet, while our interest has been centered primarily on winning the war, there has been commendable activity in the various lodges in promoting the progressive program of Elkdom. This, I feel called to comment, is praiseworthy, indeed, because it demonstrates that the morale of our membership is sufficiently high to permit diversion of that attention so necessary to insure the worthwhile pursuit of our aims and purposes.

The end of March concludes this subordinate lodge year and we shall make our final entry of achievement this month. I am confident that history will proclaim the accomplishments of the Elks for this lodge year, in reaching new heights for this great Order in patriotic service and the unselfish benefactions to mankind. Communications from lodges everywhere indicate the "Win the War Class" is filling our ranks with the right kind of Americans.

This is to urge every Elk, whatever his rank may be, to give his full influence to the unified efforts of all in making the initiation of the "Win the War Class" a glorified achievement in the week of March 16th—that as an Order we may continue in full strength with increased vigor in the interest of the preservation of the American way of life.

As your Grand Exalted Ruler, let me emphasize this fact with all the force at my command: the United States of America has never before been in such peril as it is today, and in the months—perhaps years—ahead

there is going to be increasing demand on the patriotism, energies, resources and fidelity of all.

There may come stormy times whose ragings will upset, at least for the time, our whole scheme of things; unexpected stresses may be put on our courage and stamina that will demand the ultimate ounce of manhood. And in such moments the United States and all the world can be grateful for the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks which throughout its glorious history has always imbued its members with the kind of Americanism that does not falter in the clutch or yield when the going gets tough.

Elks know how to be brave, generous, determined. They have been taught in their lodge rooms what Americanism is, what it stands for. From the borders to the coasts they have learned in fraternal unity that the free way of life is the heritage of loyal men; that democracy comes from within the individual and its manifestations are the glowing realization of accomplishment in an unfettered society.

Through the sunny years of peace, Elks have flourished and contributed their full citizenship to the forward march of the United States. In every crisis they have been steadfast and stalwart. And now, when the greatest of all crises has been reached, the nation needs the type of Americanism we have nurtured—and is getting it 100 percent.

In the hours of travail, when the lights of freedom flicker, be ever mindful of the stakes for which the world is fighting. On the one hand: despotism, tyranny, totalitarianism. On the other: freedom from fear, freedom of opportunity and accomplishment. These freedoms are inherent in Elkdom; they are the freedoms for which we shall march forward, as Churchill said, "in majesty and honor".

With fraternal greetings to all Elks,

John B. O'Connell
GRAND EXALTED RULER



THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE
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"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE
AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE
GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . . ."—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

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IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

IN ADDITION to this month's outside cover, we have one by John Hyde Phillips which introduces eight pages devoted to "The Elks in the War". This special war section contains the splendid record of the Order in the last war and the plans, as formulated by the War Commission, for our participation in the present world conflict. Here is a permanent record of achievement, an incentive for increased activity today.

As well as a proclamation by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, Pictorial Highlights of 1917-'18 and many other photographs of interest, you will find a questionnaire for the Elks National Inventory of Man-power. A limited number of reprints of this special section will be available.

Over one hundred suggestions for your protection against air raids are contained in "The Sheltered Life". It was written after many weeks of duty as an Air Raid Warden and a careful check for the latest facts pertaining to defense against incendiary, demolition and fragmentation bombs and gas.

Interest in "The Elks in the War" and "The Sheltered Life" will be accentuated by "They'll Remember Pearl Harbor", a fine account of that unforgettable day, written by Edwin E. Rols, Secretary of Honolulu Lodge. Mr. Rols vividly describes the attack and the admirable manner in which Honolulu Lodge handled its part in the hospitalization and care of the injured. It is a story of calm, constructive help in a time of great confusion and need.

Since even "What America Is Reading", "Rod and Gun" and Stanley Frank's "From Armchairs to Arms" contain opinions and comments on things military, we have included three stories and an article, in addition to "In the Doghouse", which will take you into a more peaceful atmosphere.

The article, "Hoof to Mouth", by Philip Harkins, traces the progress of a sirloin from one range to another, the latter being in your kitchen. We must admit that even this article has a military touch: the quality and quantity of beef consumed by our armed forces.

The fiction starts with Day Edgar's "Time Off", an interesting story for us who are on the right side of the law, and one whose theme song could be "If I Had the Wings of an Angel".

A short-short story follows, "Horse of Another Color", by Andrew Clinton. The end of this one is unguessable. Try it.

Roderick Lull is with us again with another inimitably styled story, "The Gun". Mr. Lull, who has no lull in the production of fiction for the national magazines, is always pleasant to read. This one, we are happy to assure you, is no exception.

F. R. A.

Just THE KISS OF THE HOPS



IN BROWN
BOTTLES,
IN CANS,
ON DRAUGHT

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America's Most Distinguished Beer

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS



TIME OFF

TROUBLE was the last thing I expected when I started work this morning in the truck patch. It was early, with some dew still laying on the carrots I had to weed and thin out. That kind of a job is what I like because it takes my mind off of things. Sometimes, just working along and not looking up, I clean forget where I am—forget all the other men and the high wire fence and even the guards setting in the shade with rifles across their laps.

The man in the row next to me was John White. I can weed faster than John, him being city-raised, but I went slow on purpose for the sake of his company.

"It's a splendid morning," John said.

John White is an educated man, which not many in here are. They say he used to work in a bank, and when it failed he was sent to prison for twelve years. He still seems young even though his hair is gray. He has done a good turn for lots of prisoners and has more friends, I guess, than anybody else in here. If others start running somebody down, John will always stick up for him. And he makes sense whenever he talks, which is why I was glad to be working next to him this morning instead of somebody else.

We talked about different things till half-past ten. I remember the time because it was just when the warden came out to take his walk around the field like he always does once before noon and once after.

"The Czar approaches," said John, "and will now enjoy his morning constitutional."

Looking straight ahead, the warden marched along on the grass bor-

der that runs all the way 'round just inside the fence. He never notices us prisoners, or inspects the work, but everybody looks down and keeps extra busy till he gets past. Then each head pops up again, regular as clockwork, and I mentioned to John how every man stared at the warden's back after he went by.

"And all hating him," I said.

"I suppose I hate him too," said John, "but I realize it's foolish. It isn't the warden's fault that we're here. He's merely the lock on our cage—we might just as well hate that barbed-wire fence."

"He's a hard man," I said.

"He's hard," said John, "but he's just. Obey the rules and he'll let you alone. Break one and—well, you know how merciless he can be then."

"The worst thing I hate about him," I said, "is that system of his for giving time off."

"Yes," said John, "it's a vicious thing to set hundreds of men to spying on one another. And it's degrading to hold out a reward for informers, especially such a tempting reward as time off."

"It's wrong because it makes everybody suspicious of everybody else," I said. "It breeds squealers, and only brings out the worst side of a man."

"True," said John, "but the warden probably feels it's fully justified. From his viewpoint the system is a big help in maintaining discipline, and a fine way of discouraging attempts to escape."

"Some still try it," I said.

"They do, unfortunately," said John. "Poor devils, they must go temporarily insane."

That was how I used to figure it, too. The fence around the truck

patch is something nobody can climb, and yet three men have tried it in the last couple of years. All of them did the same thing—hid out at noon and made a break for the fence and got shot. It was such a hopeless chance that a person would wonder how they ever thought they could get away with it.

"Something even harder to understand," said John, "is a prisoner who turns informer."

"Yes, squealing's as low as a man can get."

"I'm not referring now to the ethics of it," John said. "Honor would keep some of us from squealing, but not all. There must be plenty of men in here who'd gladly play Judas for the sake of time off."

"I'd hate to risk it myself."

"Exactly," said John. "Time off is all very well, but what if you don't live to enjoy it?"

"If anybody does squeal," I said, "the warden's got to keep it secret who it was."

"Naturally," said John. "Police have to protect their stool pigeons."

"Well, either he keeps it mighty quiet," I said, "or else there ain't much squealing goes on in here."

"But the system works whether there's any squealing or not," said John. "After all, we never know when somebody *might* squeal. And that possibility, I suppose, has prevented many a jail-break in here from ever getting past the plotting stage."

It was pretty soon after this when the bell on top of the wall started ringing for noon time, time to go into the bare dining hall. Men all over the field stood up. We walked in toward the gate, with the guards coming

along behind like shepherd dogs driving a herd of cattle to the bars.

Nobody checked us in, which they only do when we are quitting for the night, and the guards locked the gate while we marched up the steps and all sat down at the long plank tables where they feed us. We take the same place every meal. This suits me fine, because long ago I picked a seat facing a window that lets me see out across the truck patch. It helps keep me from feeling cooped up if I look out there while I am eating; so anything that happens in the truck patch during noon I am pretty sure to see.

The meal had barely started when I knew trouble was coming. I could tell by the blackbirds out over the patch.

A flock of them flew toward the bush beans and began to settle down between the rows. But instead of lighting right there, they all suddenly shied off and settled a bit to one side. This meant something was out there, and the most likely thing it could be was a man.

I never let on. I just kept eating, and nobody else could see anything special was about to happen.

The blackbirds were scattered

among the bean rows, hunting beetles under the leaves. They were out of sight when they stayed on the ground, but now and then one bird would fly straight up in the air and settle down some place else. Every time they did this the spot they flew up from was a little more to the left, so I knew the man out there was crawling that way.

Then I saw his back. Twice it came arching up above the beans because he was in too big a hurry to keep flat and drag himself along. I wondered how he figured to get over the fence, for it must be all of twelve foot high with the barbed wires close together and strung tight as a fiddle string along steel posts.

Next his head came out past the end of the bean rows. Still laying flat, he took a quick look both ways and then jumped up and ran across the open space to the fence. Right there he gave me a shock. Instead of starting to climb, he dropped on his knees.

The reason this shocked me was because I had watched the same thing done twice before. In both those cases the men were further off, where I could hardly see them, and

they got shot down before it was clear what they were doing. I never mentioned what I saw, but it made me all the more curious about the man I was watching now.

He was pawing around near a fence post, searching in the grass. He kept hunting like mad, bending down close to the ground but not finding what he was after.

Then came something I was expecting. A guard rose up in the sweet corn, his head just showing above the tassels. The man at the fence saw him and started to run.

He came toward my window, so I recognized him. It was a young red-headed fellow named Krissler, new in here. I only got a quick look at his face, but enough to see that his eyes were popping and his mouth hanging open. Then he switched and started for the other side of the field, which took him out of my sight. But he saw the guard moving that way to cut him off and had to turn back. The next minute he shot into my view again on a dead run, heading straight for the fence.

At full speed he jumped and grabbed the wires as high as he could. He went up like a cat and got

**There are plenty of men in prison who
would play Judas to get "time off".**

By Day Edgar



hold of the top strand. Leaning backward, because the fence slants in up there, he tried to throw a leg over. He missed once and hung by his hands. The second time he came closer. He was trying again, straining hard, when the guard stopped running and took careful aim.

I turned my head away just in time.

EVERYBODY quit eating as soon as they heard the two shots. Most of the prisoners stood up and some crowded toward the window. A bench went over with a crash. Cursing was going on all around me when the door opened and there was the warden.

"Sit down!" he said. "Get back to your places!"

He stood in the doorway, still as a statue, till the men were all setting down again. Then he walked over to the window and looked out. When he turned around he picked me because I am big and heavy-built.

"You," he said, pointing. "Go and carry him in."

Krissler was laying on his back when I got there, with his eyes looking up at the sky. The guard walked alongside of me while I carried him in through the gate and across the yard to the hospital. After I laid him on one of the cots I pulled a sheet off another and spread it over him.

"Come on, skip it," the guard said.

They were lining everybody up along the wall when I got back, and John White made room for me next to him. John looked sick, and I heard him saying under his breath that this was a slaughter-house, not a jail.

"Who was it this time?" he asked me.

"Young Krissler," I said.

"Is he dead?"

I just nudged him, without speaking, because the door had opened at the other end of the room. The warden came walking along till he got about the middle of the line. He faced us all and put his hands behind his back. He nodded a couple of times, just waiting, and then started speaking.

"You were sent here to serve time," he said, "and I intend to see that you serve it. Occasionally a prisoner tries to break out of here. You've just seen the result. If there's anybody else who's thinking of trying it, just remember that when the guards in here shoot—they shoot to kill. Now go back to your work."

WE WENT out to the truck patch again and it seemed like a long time since we had left it. Everybody was quiet. All you could hear was hoes chopping and the cracking sound where some men were pulling corn.

"Well, John," I said, "that's another one."

"Is he dead?" John asked.

"Yes, and that makes four now."

"Killed instantly, I suppose?"

"I reckon so."

"Didn't he speak at all?"

"Not so far as I know."

"Where did it hit him?"

"In the back, and one through his neck."

"Poor devil," said John. "He was probably dead before he struck the ground."

Maybe it was because I knew young Krissler, and liked him, but every now and then I could see his face the way I saw it through the window. It kept coming back to me, clear as life, and when I told John about it he gave a shudder and shook his head.

"Don't," he said. "Thank God I didn't see it."

"His plan went wrong," I said, "and he knew he was going to die."

"Plan?" said John. "Do you think he had a plan?"

On this point we had different ideas. Instead of a plan, John thought it was a case of a sudden crazy impulse. I doubted this. It was too much to believe that four men, in the last year or so, would rush at that fence without some plan in mind. If it was just an impulse, why did they always wait till noon, the

best time for making a break? No man in his right senses ever expected to climb that fence bare-handed, and I claimed only a fool would try it. But John, always defending somebody, felt this was hardly fair.

"You're not the high-strung type yourself," he said, "and perhaps you can't sympathize with those who are. Now a man like Krissler could be working in here without the slightest intention of making trouble. Then at noon he might notice that the guards are looking the other way—and the next minute he's lying flat on the ground. He didn't plan it, but it's too late then, of course, to turn back. And not having checked up, he can't even be sure there isn't a guard hiding out here that particular day."

"They usually all go in at noon."

"I've counted them many a time."

"Why?" John asked. "Don't tell me you're getting notions too?"

"No, but I can't help noticing things."

The thing my mind kept going back to was what I saw Krissler do at the fence. He was in a hurry just then, the biggest hurry of his life, and the only thing on earth he would stop for was something he needed to help him get free. It proved he had a plan figured out, so I told John how he had knelt down and hunted in the grass. I told him about how the blackbirds had marked his path.



"How long have you had this?"

"It ain't mine, warden. I never had it."



It surprised John to hear this. He listened close, shaking his head in a puzzled way.

"You saw him do that?"

"Yes, I saw it all."

"Strange, very strange," said John slowly. "I wonder what he could have had in mind."

"Whatever it was," I said, "not finding it spoiled his whole plan."

By now we were working back on two more rows, and pretty soon we came near the fence. The spot where Krissler had hunted was off to our left, close to one of the steel posts. I knew which post and I was the only one that did know; so, after making sure no guards were watching, I mentioned it to John and pointed.

"There," I said, "that's where he was hunting."

Stopping work, John rested on one knee. He looked at the fence for a while, studying it.

"It's like a candle flame to a moth," he said quietly, "for it fascinates them and lures them to their death. Do you know why? Because it's the nearest we come to freedom. A man can't see through a stone wall, but that fence is different. He looks through it and sees—what? Does he see those bleak hills out there? No, he sees freedom. And it seems very close. He's only a quarter of an inch—the thickness of a wire—from freedom. He can even put his arm through, like a monkey at the zoo, and that much of him is free al-

ready. It's irresistible to some."

John shook his head slowly, and his voice got sort of gentle and weary.

"The most tragic part," he went on, "is that they think they'd be free if they could just get over that fence. That's what makes it all so futile, because there's no freedom out there for us. Even if a man did break out he wouldn't be free. The whole world becomes his prison then. His heart starts pounding every time he sees a stranger looking at him. And there's never a minute, day or night, that he isn't afraid he'll be caught and brought back here. So instead of being free, he finds that he's still serving time as much as ever."

"But it ain't coming off his sentence," I said, and John nodded.

"The only protection against that fence," he said, "is self-control. And that, unfortunately, comes harder for some men than for others."

"Specially young ones," I said. "The four that tried to escape were all young, like Krissler."

"Yes," said John, starting to weed again, "there's usually a girl, I suppose."

All this time I was wondering what Krissler had expected to find by the fence. I thought of several things, but none seemed to fit. And when I asked John about it he admitted it had him baffled too.

"Could it have been a gun?" he said.

A gun was the first thing I had thought of. But what good would a gun be to a man in Krissler's place? He might shoot the guard, but that would only bring more guards running and still leave him inside the fence.

Another thing I thought of was a ladder. Men in prison get hold of lots of forbidden articles, but nothing as hard to hide as a ladder. A rope, I figured, was wrong for the same reason. Something else that went through my mind was a spade. A man could dig his way out, only it would take too long. Besides, judging from the way Krissler had searched in that short grass, the thing he was after was a lot smaller than a spade; so I kept trying to figure it out while John and me worked along side by side.

Then it came to me. All at once I caught on, which a smarter man would have done a whole lot sooner. I quit weeding and sat up straight.

"John," I said, "young Krissler didn't figure to go over that fence. He meant to go through."

"Through?" said John. "Why, a rabbit couldn't squeeze between those wires."

"But Krissler was going to cut them."

"What with?"

"With wire snips."

"And where would he get them?"

"Steal them from the tool house," I said, "or get a friend to smuggle a pair in on Thursdays."

Nodding, John allowed that plenty
(Continued on page 54)

Illustrated by HARRY MORSE MEYERS

Robert St. John tells the story of his escape from Greece in "From the Land of Silent People".



By Harry Hansen

WE ARE not wearing gas masks yet, but there is every reason to believe that they will soon be added to the hurried preparations to defend civilians going on all over the United States. Air raid wardens are meeting everywhere and knocking on doors and telling housewives how to turn out their lights and seal their windows with black curtains and where to take cover when the bombs fall. Bookstores feel the demand for books on air defense and on first aid. The most useful of the first aid books is the little textbook published by the Red Cross; it comes in two editions, paper and cloth. A paper-bound book, "Aircraft Spotter", giving silhouettes of planes, has been extremely popular, although this is a tricky business for amateurs on the ground, who may never be able to sight the planes that drop the bombs. (Harcourt, Brace)

The best book on the general subject is "Civilian Air Defense", by

Lieut. Col. A. M. Prentiss, U. S. A., a longer work issued several months ago by Whittlesey House. (\$2.50) This is the best all-round discussion of the subject. "The Air Raid Safety Manual" by Capt. Burr Leyson is a paper-bound book that gives the facts; it describes the incendiary bombs and how to overcome them. (Dutton, \$1) Many readers are interested in reading about aviation even when they do not fly themselves; most popular are two books by Assen Jordangeff: "Your Wings" and "Through the Overcast". (Funk & Wagnalls Co., \$3 each) I also believe that "Thirty-three Lessons in Flying" by Jay D. Blaufox (Coward-McCann, \$2.50) is a pretty good introduction to the subject.

WHAT Ireland has done and should do in the present European war is discussed at length in Tom Ireland's "Ireland, Past and Present", which is both a history and an interpretation. Ireland may not be a battle-ground at this moment, but it is still a field for controversy, and Mr. Ireland presents the latest version

of its diplomatic difficulties. He is a graduate of Princeton and Harvard and a Cleveland lawyer and in 1941 was one of 128 Americans of Irish descent who asked De Valera to open the ports of Eire to the British. This De Valera refuses to do, because he wishes his little land to remain neutral and be spared the horrors of bombing. Mr. Ireland believes all Ireland should be united, but he knows that the six counties of the north will not agree with De Valera's neutrality program, for they are already helping Britain. Both the Roman Catholic hierarchy and the Protestant clergy are united in their anti-Nazi views, but the Civic Guard of Eire is said to be so strongly anti-British that it might help the Nazi invader. Of considerable interest is Mr. Ireland's contention that the Irish may take England over one of these days merely by assimilation. There are now in Britain 3,100,000 Catholic Irish, or as many as the 2,700,000 in Eire plus the 400,000 in the six northern counties. The British birth rate has fallen; the Irish has kept up. If Hitler decides to use Ireland as an air base, Britain will have to fight him on Ireland, against the wishes of the government of Eire. It's complicated; let us hope the war will end without Hitler being able to devastate any more lands, and that the promise of the Emerald Isle, as seen by the author, will be fulfilled. (Putnam, \$5)

WHEN you get tired of reading the experts, you can turn to the reporters who didn't know everything, yet have an exciting story to tell. Robert St. John, war correspondent for the Associated Press and broadcaster, didn't get many messages out of the Balkans when the fire began to fall from the sky, but a great deal happened. (Continued on page 56)



Fanny Hurst's latest is a novel, "Lonely Parade", issued by Harper & Bros. (\$2.50)

Mr. Frank feels it's high time intramural athletics nosed out the varsity teams.

From Armchairs To Arms

By Stanley Frank

ARMCHAIR admirals and generals have been telling us how we should win the war, and their batting average on the timetable of prediction is, after three months, strictly bush-league. Now let an armchair athlete tell you how the Government believes we can win the war. Let it be understood this is not professional log-rolling or sly propaganda to keep sports going on the business-as-usual basis. The Better Brains Dept. in Washington sees sport filling a pretty vital function in our war effort and it's too bad some of the more distinguished lame-brains in the field need a ball bat over the head to clear their vision and unscramble muddled thinking, if any.

The Government's attitude toward sport has undergone a tremendous and radical change in a quarter of a century. The last time we went to war for the last time, sports were told to take a quick powder for the duration. College sports were practically abandoned in 1917 and '18; amateur tournaments were, under the force of public apathy, labeled as token rather than championship affairs. Baseball, the backbone of sport, was termed a non-essential industry by the U. S. Provost Marshal and the 1918 season was kissed off prematurely. The fans, taking their cue from the Government, were so disinterested in the 1918 World Series that the Cubs and Red Sox went on strike—quickly hushed up—for more prize money.

The contrast between then and now is startling and significant. On the first day of this year, the Office of Civilian Defense issued a statement which flatly encouraged amateur and professional sport on a wider, more intensive scale than a sports-loving nation ever supported in times of peace. The OCD was thinking of morale and muscle—civilian morale and military muscle.

The clincher came on January 15 when President Roosevelt, the busiest and most harassed man in the world, saw fit to take time out and write a letter to Judge Kenesaw M. Landis urging the baseball people to proceed with all their normal plans

for the coming season. More than that, the President asked for more night baseball than ever before. A higher tribute never was paid sports. The letter will be a historic document in the white paper of baseball. It really was something.

It is obvious the Government wants to play ball with us and, conversely, wants us to play. The proposition really is very simple. Health is the first requisite the Army and Navy ask of candidates. Health, therefore, is the nation's most valuable

resource. Carrying this little exercise another step, the primary purpose of sport is to build up the health of participants. The more people we have playing games, the healthier and stronger the nation will be. As the schoolboy says, Q.E.D.—or Quite Easily Done.

All right, then. Sport, which flourished in peace, has been given prestige and purpose, has been raised to the dignity of an essential activity in our war effort. You'd think the

(Continued on page 59)



A FEW weeks ago ugly, lumbering water-buffaloes were lured from their mud-baths in Italy's Pontine Marshes and executed without trial. Their ignominious end placed new emphasis on the importance of meat in man's diet. For the unlucky water-buffaloes were erased by the wily Romans for their gamey if filling steaks.

As this is written the crucial meat crisis in Europe has not yet reached the point in this war that it attained in 1870 when a certain animal with a long but bushy tail was served up under a delicious sauce in one of the best restaurants in Paris, but the

press has recorded the tragic decline in diet with news of horse meat on sale in England, an illegal black bourse or exchange in France where a steak costs six dollars and a daily meat ration of two and one-half ounces in Germany.

The sad situation in Europe's butcher shops underlines our own outstanding position where geography favors great herds of cattle and the American genius for distribution puts plenty of meat within reach of every consumer. If the ratio of our knowledge of meat paralleled our consumption of it we would be the best informed beef eaters the world

has ever known. But on the average our knowledge of this vital cog in our diet could be summed up as follows:

Mrs. Dibble, the typical housewife, flags the butcher and asks for roast beef. She watches the scales closely and says, "You're sure it's good?" or "My goodness! It's getting more expensive every day," and goes home. Mr. Dibble, possessor of the only recipe for cooking steak correctly—according to Mr. Dibble—makes a periodic visit to buy a "nice, thick steak" with which, he explains, he is going to "give the folks a treat". The butcher carves a "nice,

HOOF to MOUTH

By Philip Harkins

Photos by Acme



A giant refrigerator where the season never changes. It is kept at a constant temperature of 29 degrees.

thick steak" (a thickness which Mr. Dibble might well label extravagance in a purchase by his wife) and Mr. Dibble goes home. The Dibbles' acquaintance with meat remains for the most part in the eating of it, their curiosity transcending this primitive point only when the roast beef or the steak is tough. This is regrettable. For in being so elemental about meat the average American is not only buying a pig in a poke but missing a fascinating story.

Authorities agree that when the average person thinks of meat he thinks of lean beef. In old England meat was any kind of food, but down through the years and with emigration to this country the word came to mean the backbone of the butcher shop—beef: sirloin steaks, porterhouse steaks, chuck steaks, veal and, last but not least, hamburger—"for the dog", as the housewife used to say in the giddy Twenties. It is in this definition of meat that the most interesting as well as the most important story lies.

The people of the United States comprise less than six percent of the world's population and own only a tenth of its cattle, but they eat a fourth of its beef!

Americans are great meat-eaters. And if they knew a little more about the subject they'd save money and get better beef. It has been stated that the average consumer's knowledge of beef is meager. That this was no idle statement the following paragraphs should show and, at the same time, provide some valuable shopping pointers.

To get off to a good start consider the butchers' report on veal. According to supercilious butchers one widely circulated fallacy among consumers is that veal comes from sheep. This can be corrected quickly

and briefly: veal is very young beef.

With this as a starter let's get on to some interesting and useful information. First of all the consumer should know that beef cattle are divided into five categories: steer, heifer, cow, bull and stag. The quality of the meat generally follows this order according to the Department of Agriculture although there may be points in, for example, bull and stag cattle that would be superior to various cow qualities. Even passing acquaintance with this classification may profit the consumer. For instance, this writer recently visited a glorified hamburger stand where super meatcakes sell for a quarter and the menu specifies, "Only steer beef used." According to the proprietor many customers have commented on the excellence of the hamburger but added naively, "Doesn't all beef come from steers?" This is the proprietor's cue to explain that the steer beef is what makes his hamburgers so good, not to say expensive.

Under the cattle classifications come the qualities of the meat itself as numerous as caste divisions in India: Prime, Choice, Good, Medium, Plain, Cutter and Low Cutter. Illustrative of the superficial knowledge prevalent on this subject was the statement of one interviewed restaurant proprietor who announced that there were only three grades of beef.

The average consumer rarely sees prime beef although the term is loosely used by unethical butchers. *Prime* beef comes from the exhibits of the trade, cattle that are especially prepared for show purposes. It is very rare, amounting to *no more than one percent of the total annual supply of beef*. Prime beef is immediately snatched up by expensive eating places, particularly New York

restaurants and hotels. Once in a while some of this excellent beef will trickle down to special butcher shops.

Choice beef is available at good butcher shops. It is cherry red in color like Prime beef and is flecked with white streaks of fat known to the trade as "marbling". Cattle, from which choice beef comes, are fed exclusively on grain. (Four-fifths of the tremendous Iowa corn crop becomes grain for cattle.)

The grade of beef known as *good* contains a small percentage of cattle fattened on grass or feeds rather than grain. This grade is the lowest that can show much "marbling".

Medium beef represents about fifty percent of the entire beef supply and is abundant in summer and fall when the better grades are relatively scarce.

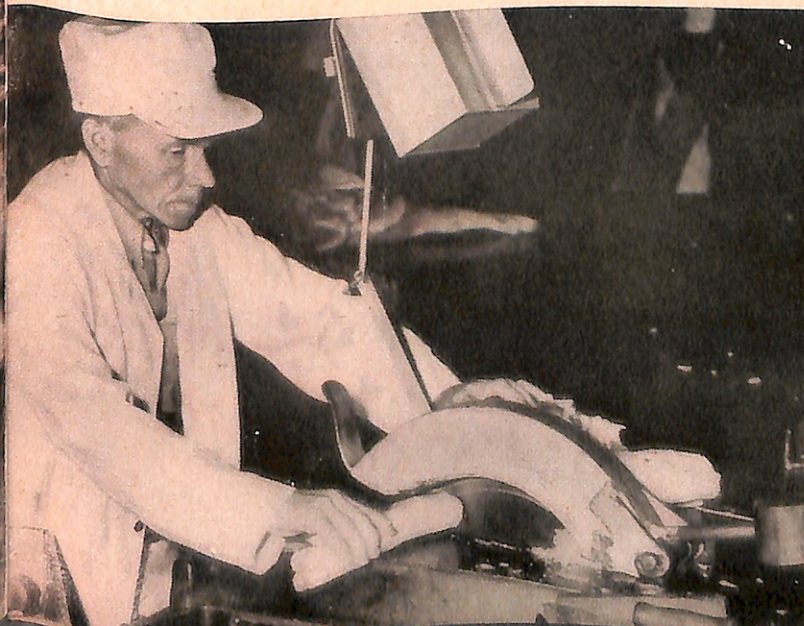
Cutter and *Low Cutter* are way down at the bottom of the list, low cutter being the lowest form of beef offered for human food. Low cutter is chiefly used for canning and sausage and constitutes the chief meat content of the half-cooked hotdogs which, upon certain occasions and with a generous swab of mustard, taste just as good as a sirloin steak.

One of the best aids the shopper has in the purchase of good beef is its color. Good beef has a cherry red complexion because the blood supply has been kept at a minimum by lack of exercise and because of intensive feeding on grain. Poor quality beef has a dark red color because the animal has been subjected to prolonged and vigorous exercise. Beef that has been aged takes a darker hue.

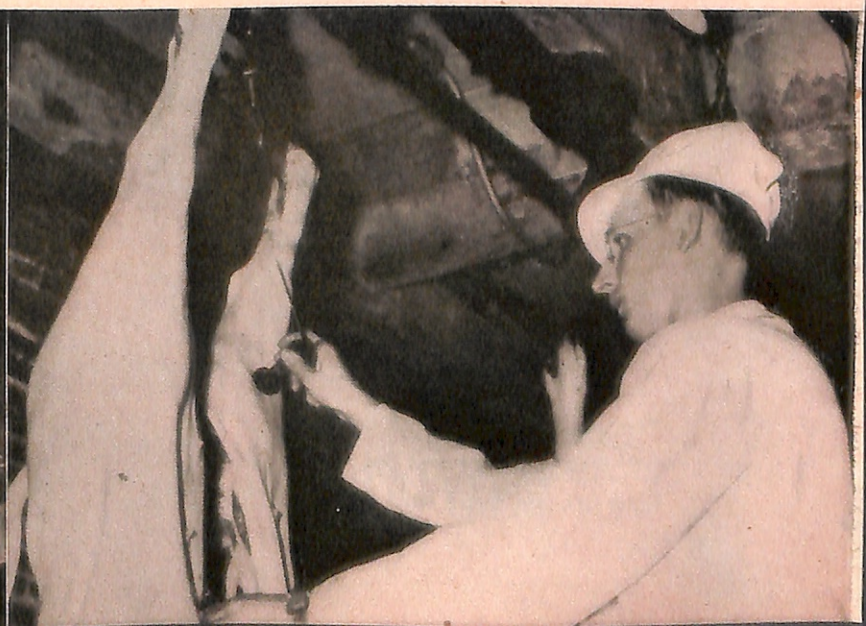
The process of aging beef takes place in a refrigerator where the temperature ranges from 34 to 38 degrees. Keeping the beef in this atmosphere for from four to six

Mr. Harkins ribs and roasts our faulty knowledge of the meat we eat and takes us down the long trail from one range to another.

A saw divides a carcass into the various cuts of meat.



A guarantee of purity in meat is the government's stamp.



**Chicago's vast stockyard area,
the largest in the world.**

weeks makes it more palatable but many butcher shops with a quick turn-over have little time for aging beef nor can they afford the inevitable shrinkage.

A few consumers know the difference between club, sirloin and porterhouse steaks but very few indeed know that sirloin steak is divided into four categories. Under the broad term "sirloin" are found in diminishing size, Wedge Bone, Round Bone, Double Bone and Pin Bone. The consumer or shopper who learns to divide sirloin into these groups has advantages over the lackadaisical buyer; for instance, she (or he) will know that the Pin Bone would be the best buy for a small family and that the Wedge Bone would do nicely for a large family.

The wise meat buyer should also remember to ask for a fresh cut of beef. There is something about a show case, no matter how white and shiny, that detracts from the flavor of good beef.

From the same school as the theorists who hold that veal is some sort of mutton come those people who think that porterhouse and T-bone steaks are one and same thing. As a matter of fact, porterhouse has a small bone dividing almost equal portions of steak, where T-bone has a large bone shaped in the form of a "T" dividing a large and small piece of meat, the smaller being the tenderloin. If you like more tenderloin order a porterhouse rather than a T-bone steak.

Names for steaks assume colloquial connotations. The larger piece of T-bone steak would for instance be called a club steak in Pecoria and a Delmonico in New York. The size of these steaks makes them an excellent individual serving or, if cut thick, a substantial dish for two persons.

Economical Swiss steaks come from the beef round and should be cut from one and a half to two inches thick. Cut thick, beef round can be shaped into what are called Swiss steaks. Here is a good American Meat Institute recipe for Swiss steak:

1½ pounds round steak	2½ cups canned tomatoes
½ cup flour	½ teaspoon Worcestershire Sauce
¾ teaspoon salt	2 tablespoons lard
¼ teaspoon pepper	

Have steak cut 1½ to 2 inches thick. Season the flour with salt and pepper. Dredge both sides of the steak with the flour. Brown steak on both sides in hot lard. Add tomatoes and Worcestershire sauce, cover and sim-

**You might like to know that
the unmarked parts of this
steer are the head and hoofs.**



mer gently for two and one-half hours or cook in oven at 300 degrees F. for three hours. Makes six servings.

Cut thin and waffle-stamped with a machine that makes them more tender, steaks from the beef round can be pan-broiled in a few minutes. Sliced very thin, beef round can be rolled around stuffing, pinned up with a toothpick into what cooks call beef birds.

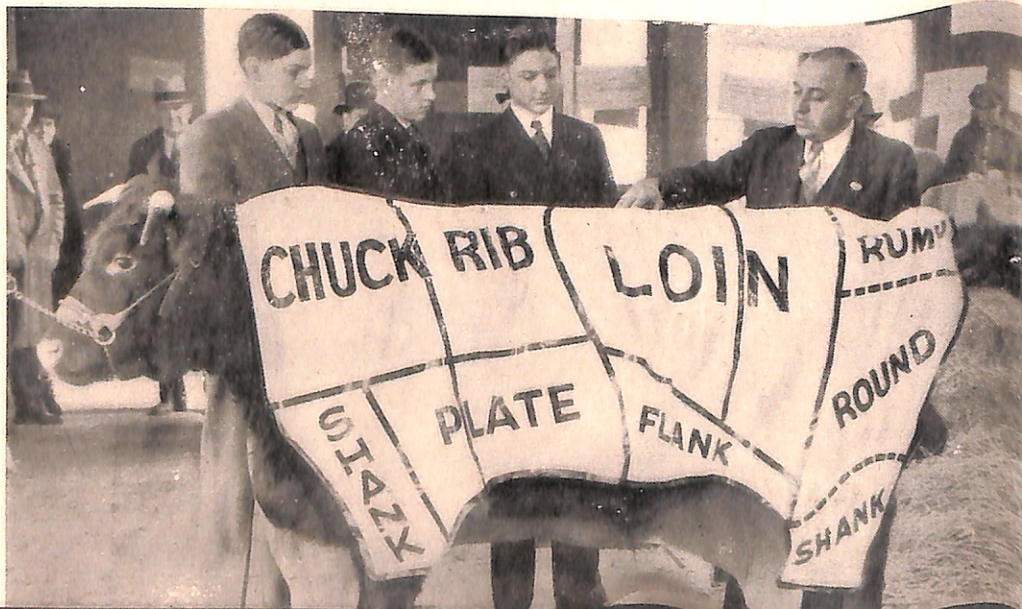
Most steaks are broiled. But to be broiled they should be at least one inch thick and if they are one and a half inches thick, so much the better. Those steaks thinner than one inch are better pan-broiled. Under broiling the American Meat Institute sug-

gests three methods: the moderate temperature method, the searing method and the combination broiling and roasting method. Here they are:

1. Preheat broiler, with oven door closed, to 350 degrees F. Place steak on rack three inches from heat. Broil until browned on top. Turn and broil until browned on other side.

2. Preheat oven to its hottest temperature. Place steak on rack one and a half to two inches from heat. Brown well on both sides, move broiler rack an inch or so farther from heat and turn, till done.

3. Preheat broiler to 500 degrees F. Place meat on rack two or three inches from heat. Sear until well browned on both sides. Transfer to





pan in oven, preheated to 250 degrees F., and roast until done. This is a good method for thick steaks, a large number of steaks or in that exigency when the meat cannot be watched closely.

A majority of American consumers will pay a higher price for relatively inferior grades of meat in order to obtain lightweight cuts which are better suited to what the Department of Agriculture calls "present-day modes of living", meaning that many a housewife would rather throw a cube steak in the buttered pan for a few minutes than cook a Swiss steak for a couple of hours. Thus they would pass up the economical pot roast, a heavy cylinder

of beef round which will provide at least a couple of appetizing and substantial meals for the average family.

Another idiosyncrasy of the average customer is the prejudice against frozen beef although this has somewhat diminished under the influence of "frosted foods" such as Bird's Eye (which surprises most people by being a family name).

Ninety-seven percent of the beef sold in this country is "fresh chilled". This means that it goes quickly from the stockyards to the packing refrigerating rooms where it is held at a temperature ranging from 34 to 38 degrees. These packing plants are also equipped with what are known as "freezer rooms"

in which the temperature can be lowered to ten or five degrees. Held in these rooms from 12 to 36 hours, the beef is frozen and will remain solid, sound and wholesome for an indefinite period provided it is held below freezing temperature. This is the meat that is shipped to our island possessions, particularly to our new and numerous overseas bases.

The modern American's meat menu is a thousand times more dependable and more conveniently obtainable than it has been in any nation in the history of the world. The energy and enterprise of the meat packers had a great deal to do with this. First of all the hustling packers rigged up, in 1871, an assembly line where each meat dresser performed a separate task. This porterhouse portage was quite naturally the packers' pride and joy. Many were the envious merchants and mechanics who stopped in to marvel at its efficiency. One of these was Henry Ford who was so impressed that he took the idea back to Detroit and welded it into his historic assembly-line.

But because meat spoiled easily, packing remained a winter sport. The packers were a frustrated lot until an epochal European discovery in 1863 (expanding ammonia in pipe coils to cool a room) solved the biggest problem of all—how to get fresh meat, not merely dried or pickled meat, to every corner of the land. The meat packers reasoned that if the packing plants could be refrigerated then so could railroad cars. They reasoned correctly. The first refrigerator cars were so bulky and top-heavy that the railroads were reluctant to have them roll on their long, black beds, but once they got permission, his majesty the steak was on his aristocratic way to every butcher from Gallup, New Mexico, to Ogunquit, Maine.

But perhaps the most enterprising work of all was to be done with beef by-products which the packers have built up to a \$350,000,000 industry. Leather hides for shoes and suitcases were only to be expected but in the field of medicine the list is amazingly impressive: adrenalin, taken from a gland near the kidneys and used to prevent hemorrhage or to shock a fluttering heart back to life; insulin from the *pancreas*, the famous diabetes remedy; kephalin, a blood-clotting astringent widely used in Europe for war casualties. And in addition to the well known thyroid and pituitary extracts for glandular disorders there is the *pineal* substance which comes from the brain lobes of bullocks. It takes 15,000 cattle to produce a pound of *pineal*, an effective agent in the treatment of mental backwardness.

The meat industry's mastery of
(Continued on page 57)



These girls are carefully packaging quality bacon for you to bring home.

In the DOGHOUSE



with Ed Faust

IF YOU live in a small town where there is a volunteer fire department and you've a notion to meet your neighbors—that is, the men and practically all of the rest—just have a fire. We know because that happened to us a while ago. Had you been there you would have thought the Fausts were celebrating Old Home Week—but that, as Mister Kipling would say, is another story.

Our first acquaintance with volunteer fire-fighting happened some years ago when we first located in the suburbs. We were awakened one night by a blast that sounded like Gabriel's horn. It was the whistle from the firehouse which stands a whoop and a holler down the road from us. Long since, we've learned to curse that instrument of torture because it blows for every blooming brush fire no matter how far on the

outer reaches of our town, which covers plenty territory. As one irreverent friend said when he first heard it, it sounds like the voice of God.

But there's an amusing tale attached to that clarion which occurred when the town was much smaller than it is today. Some years ago we were suddenly visited by an epidemic of Monday night fires. Oddly enough, they always broke out on or about eight o'clock. Come that time, the whistle would sound off and every member of Engine Four would go boiling out of his house. This continued for about six weeks or until the wife of one of the laddies got suspicious. A little quiet investigation and she discovered that those scallywag volunteers had rigged the whistle. The blast being a jolly signal to the bowlers among that gal-

lant little band—and they numbered nearly all—to assemble for the regular Monday night session at the firehouse.

Why the need for the alarm? Brother, if you're married you'll know; if you're not, ask almost any man who is.

Now, a strange thing in connection with this deception of our smoke-eaters was the behavior of one member who had every reason in the world to respond to those alarms—and yet never did. What makes this hard to account for is that he was the sole member who didn't know that those fire-calls were fraudulent. Nobody ever let him in on the secret. This, despite the fact that he's one of the most dutiful among that group. He boards with a family not far from the firehouse and there hasn't been a real fire in the eight years since he joined up that hasn't seen him first to answer the alarm. Rain or shine, he's always on the
(Continued on page 60)

Rod AND Gun



The U. S. Army's new Winchester
30 Caliber Carbine.

Photo by U. S. Army Signal Corps

By Ray Trullinger

WITH spring moving northward and the fishing season only a few weeks and a couple of blizzards in the offing, it's perhaps time to appraise this year's rod and reel situation and what effect the war will have on this country's most popular and widely followed sport.

Of first importance is the fact that tackle manufacturers are thought to have enough raw material on hand to supply normal requirements for at least a full year—and maybe longer. That is to say, assuming these stocks—and skilled workmen—aren't diverted to some phase of the war effort.

However, when the pre-season purchasing spurt gets under way, anglers will find tackle lines have been narrowed. There won't be the wide selection of happier days, as many items which almost duplicate another have been and are being eliminated.

Some shortages already loom. Aluminum die cast reels, aluminum rod cases and fishing creels are getting scarce and will be off the market completely when present stocks are gone. A big percentage of the creels used in this country were woven and exported by those charming slant-eyed sons of —er, Nippon, most of the rest coming from France. Obviously, no more will be imported until our side completes its present de-lousing job.

According to best information, fair quantities of silk worm gut leader material have been coming over, (but don't ask me how) and, what with our nylon production here at

home, the leader situation is thought to be under control for this season, at least.

The production of American-made fishhooks—a comparatively new industry which followed stoppage of European sources of supply—is picking up and no shortage of that essential is anticipated. The fussy gent might not always get exactly what he wants as to size and pattern, but there'll still be a reasonably complete selection.

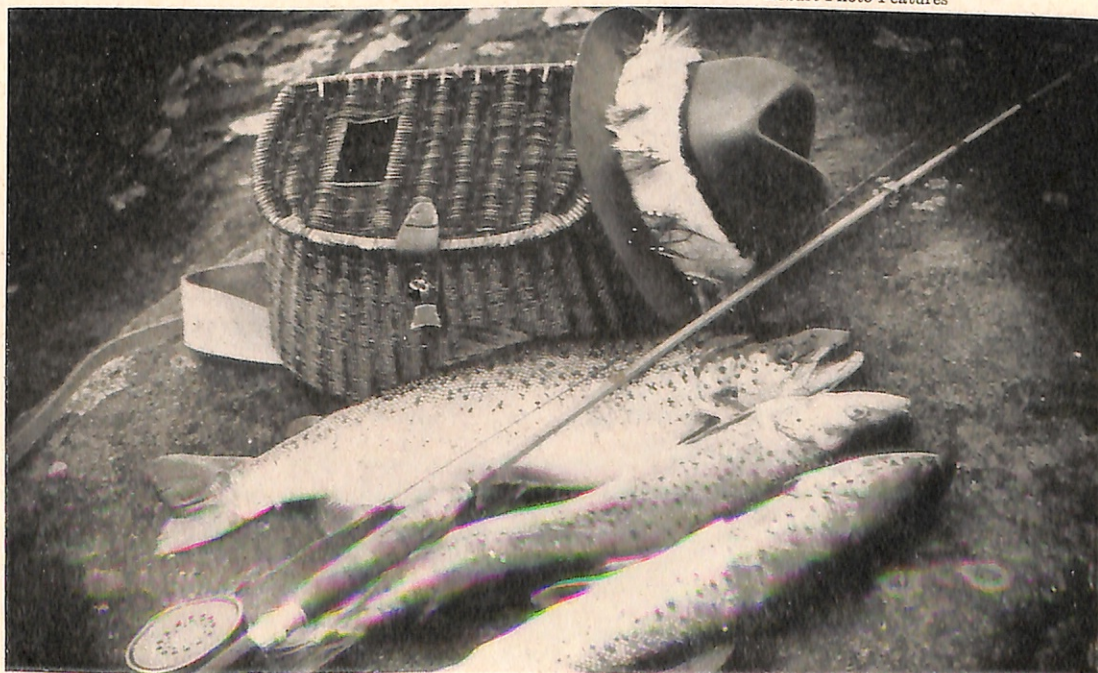
Several lads who know their way

around in the tackle business anticipate shortages of split bamboo rods and linen lines. There might not be anything to these depressing rumors, but, as the nurse said to the waiting gent in the maternity ward foyer, "We should be getting some definite information pretty soon."

Duffel and sleeping bags, tents and other camping-out gear made of cotton or canvas will be higher priced this summer and perhaps not too easy to find. Matter of fact, the dope

(Continued on page 62)

Hobart Photo Features



ALTHOUGH he leaned idly against the bar, young Knealy was attending strictly to business. There were a dozen men in the saloon, but Knealy had ears for only one—a freckle-faced cowboy who was talking excitedly about President McKinley's call for volunteers.

"I'm enlisting tomorrow," he said. "Going to sell my pony to get me some train-fare east."

Secretly young Knealy sifted every remark the freckled man let drop. The information he sought cropped up at last in the potential soldier's discourse:

"When I left Trail City today..."

Knealy paid for his drink and sauntered out into the starlight. Trail City, he knew, lay due south. He walked toward a hitching-rail. Here, glancing around sharply, he mounted

took a flat, oblong case. Opened, it revealed an array of small tin boxes the contents of which were known only to the serious young man who whistled softly as he mixed mysterious ingredients and ran his thumbnail along the clipped edge of a feather from a buzzard's wing.

Then, for a timeless interval, his surroundings ceased to exist. Untiringly he dipped the feather; intently he watched tiny groups of brown hairs turn white as they passed evenly through the feather's spines.

And as he toiled, an alien fragrance rose on the prairie breeze. It was a not unpleasing odor, but it so agitated a huge jack rabbit, that he twitched his nose in dismay and plunged back into the thicket.

At last, expelling a deep breath, Knealy straightened his cramped legs and drew back. Slowly his mo-

avoided the pitfalls of speech. The bartender chatted on and Knealy gleaned his gossip for the important facts.

Two days ago, he learned, a prized sorrel mare had vanished from a nearby cattle ranch owned by one Major Barret. It was his daughter's pet saddler, imported from Kentucky. Barret had hunted high and low. That morning he had had posters tacked up offering one hundred dollars for the return of the mare.

"Wish it was me that found her," the bar-tender added enviously. "With a hundred dollars I could—"

The door had swung open. In the mirror behind the bar Knealy watched with a truculent eye the entrance of a large man. He looked every inch a cattle king and was accompanied by two spurred retainers. With majestic directness he advanced to Knealy's side. He spoke.

HORSE *of* ANOTHER COLOR

By Andrew Clinton

the freckled man's pony. At the edge of town he touched the pony with his spurs; then, hour after hour, he traveled due north to the rhythm of steadily drumming hoofs.

At sunrise, staked out, the pony was nibbling mesquite grass in a little clearing screened by a thicket of wild pear. Knealy sat nearby, puffing a cigarette while he confirmed certain observations he had made when he first saw the freckled man ride up on this mare.

She was a fine young animal, unbranded, dainty but spirited. In color she was a shining sorrel, without markings; and this clean expanse of brown, uncomplicated by a single white hair, gave Knealy a free hand—a scope for expression that woke in his breast the pleasant stirrings of the truly creative impulse.

For young Knealy was an artist, although the form of art he practiced was frowned on by the law, and it was with an artist's eye that he studied the problem before him.

His problem was to disguise this mare. She was his blank canvas, and he must decorate her with such markings as Nature herself might have bestowed.

To the layman there would have been many possible designs. Knealy knew better. As a professional in the markings of horses, he had learned that Nature is conventional, using only a few designs and repeating those endlessly. So, guided by the type and conformation of this mare, he eliminated the improbable patterns one by one. At length, his choice made, he rose.

From within his loose shirt he

rose face lighted in a rare, unworldly smile.

"It's damn' good," he murmured.

The all-brown animal had been transformed. On her forehead now shone a white blaze, cunningly irregular in shape; each front leg sported a glossy sock, one stopping at the fetlock and the other below the knee. It was the work of a master, displaying precisely that touch of casualness with which Nature herself is wont to pigment a horse.

And now, like all artists, he must take his work to market. Soon, therefore, he was riding into a dusty little town where he would pose as a jobless cowhand and glumly part with the mare for whatever a buyer offered. And then, having selected another horse and learned from what direction it had come, he would quickly move on to some other part of the great Southwest.

To him the rôle was a familiar one. No stage-fright assailed him as he slid out of the saddle in front of a frame saloon. While knotting the reins, however, he noticed disturbing signs of interest in his arrival.

In the doorway of a hardware store one man touched another and pointed. The bar-tender, who had just emerged with a dripping bucket, stopped short at sight of the mare.

"You're in luck, stranger," he said.

Knealy said nothing, a practice that had often helped preserve his health. Nodding, he entered the saloon and was presently watching his glass being filled.

"Hear about the reward?" the bartender asked.

By lifting his glass, Knealy warily

"You riding that sorrel mare out there?"

Knealy nodded, feeling his way.

"Well, I'm Major Barret, the owner, and I want to know where you found her."

"South of here, running loose."

"How'd you know she was mine?"

"I've been through these parts before," said Knealy, still coolly improvising, "and I remembered seeing that sorrel. I seen a young lady riding her, so I figured I'd saddle her up and take her back where she belonged."

"Is she in good shape?"

"So far's I know."

"Come on out," said Barret, "and I'll look her over."

Outside, while a crowd gathered, Barret circled the mare, eying her critically. Meanwhile, one of his men was examining her feet. He picked up a fore-leg, gripping it around the white sock. After releasing it he suddenly put his palm to his nose. Sniffing, he turned to Barret.

"Major, did we put any liniment on this leg?"

Barret crouched and fingered the mare's socks; he sniffed them inquisitively. Swinging around, he gave Knealy a look of cold suspicion; then he flung orders at his two men.

"Fetch a bottle of whisky, Jim," he said. "Hobe, get a bucket of hot

Illustrated by ALEX RAYMOND

Hour after hour, he traveled due north to the rhythm of steadily drumming hoofs.

water. Bring a scrubbing brush, too, and some soap."

A few minutes later, pouring whiskey into his cupped hand, Barret was patting it on the mare's forehead. In the same way he drenched her glossy socks.

"Go ahead, Jim," he said. "Scrub them up good."

Soon a thick lather hid the white markings from view. Knealy, aware of the crowd's hostile glances, felt an increasing chill in his stomach. He knew that the paint he had applied was soluble in alcohol.

"Some men'll do anything to collect a reward," said Barret loudly. "If they can't find the right horse, they'll paint one up for you."

Although he seemed calm, Knealy was thinking fast. He was trying to prepare an explanation against the moment when that obscuring lather

would be washed off, when the mare would stand revealed as an all-brown animal.

Suddenly he stiffened. He looked sharply at the near fore-leg. The lather, he observed, was slowly turning brown. The longer the man scrubbed, the darker the lather grew. And the same brownish tinge presently appeared on the other leg, too.

It was not until the man was scrubbing the mare's forehead, where the lather also turned strangely brown, that the truth flashed over Knealy. He relaxed; the chill left his stomach—for now he understood.

The freckled cowboy had lied. He had lied when he spoke of having come from Trail City. His talk of enlisting was a lie, too, the pretext of a man about to sell a horse cheaply and leave town quickly.

"That's plenty, Jim," said Barret.

"Stand back," he told the crowd.

Picking up the bucket, he sluiced water over the three lathered areas. Off flowed the lather, bearing away all evidence of Knealy's handiwork. It also carried off, as none but Knealy realized, every trace of the brown dye with which the freckled horse-thief had blotted out the mare's own markings.

As Knealy gazed at the mare, a peculiar pride kindled in his breast. It was the pride of the artist who realizes that he has created a masterpiece; for the vanished markings which Knealy had applied—save for tiny differences that only he remembered—were the same as these genuine markings applied by that great and gifted artist, Nature.

"Barret," he said, "if you're done giving shampoos, I think it's time for me to collect that reward."

Knealy knew he was a fine craftsman, an artist, but

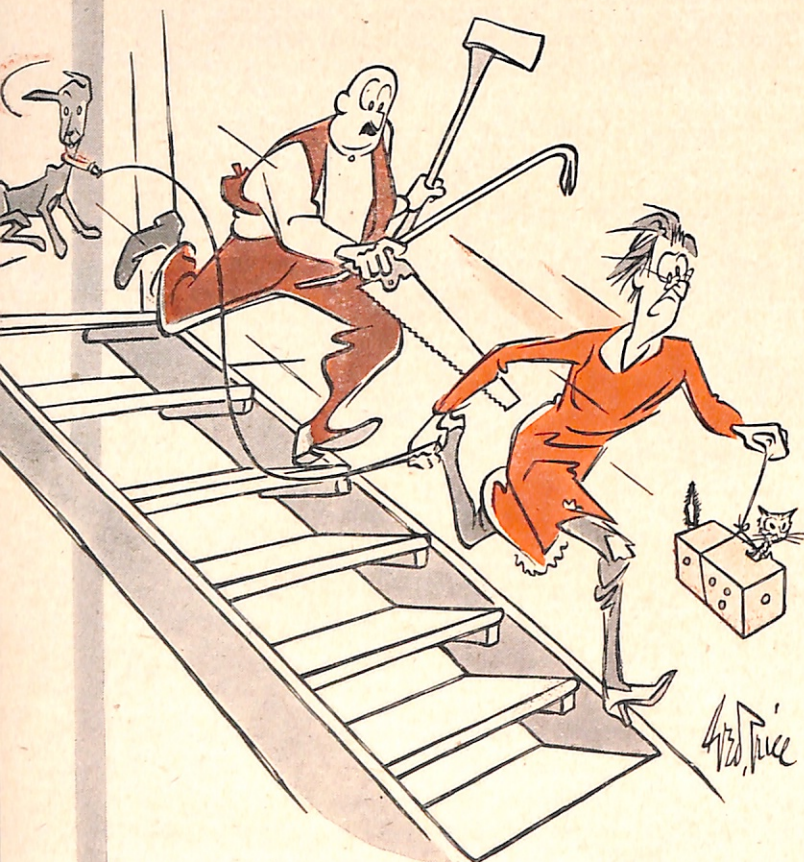
he didn't know that his were the marks of a master.



THE SHELTERED LIFE

By An Air Raid Warden

Real defense is civilian defense and is a job that we cannot expect the Army to undertake alone. It requires your complete cooperation. Here are more than one hundred suggestions and facts to aid you in doing your part.



Take the dog on a leash and the cat in a box to your previously prepared shelter.

COMING through an air raid unscathed, only to fall down the front steps in a blackout would make you feel pretty silly. Paint all steps, curbs, posts and trees with a white edge or band. Also mark door knobs and light switches.

If the cellar is used as a shelter, the windows should be barricaded with sand and brick, three feet thick, but leave room at the top for light and air. Don't use sand bags. They rot on the damp ground.

Outside cellar doors should have a brick barricade with an entrance at a right angle to the door. It is

unsafe to stand in a cellar unless the doors and windows are protected.

In the city, the safest place is the centermost part of a large steel building: the room farthest from outside walls and windows, and vertically in the center of the building. Fragments and glass splinters cause the most casualties.

In a frame house, the centermost spot in the cellar is best. Avoid gas and steam pipes and water tanks, as well as spaces below heavy fixtures, i.e., pianos and refrigerators, which would tend to increase the ceiling load. Reinforce the ceiling with 4" x 4"s or heavier supports, and be sure that the room is sufficiently ventilated for the expected number of occupants.

At night, black out all windows with opaque cloth or board. Painting the windows excludes healthful sunshine. Venetian blinds are helpful, but only when fastened securely at the bottom, and used in conjunction with an all-over covering. One-half-inch chicken wire placed on the inside of the windows will aid in stopping flying glass, and two-inch strips of adhesive tape will help to keep the window from shattering. Wooden shutters are an added precaution.

All unnecessary windows in a refuge should be walled up with brick and mortar. Be positive that two widely separated exits are available.

After you have made your blackout preparations, inspect your home from the outside. It should resemble a deserted, haunted house. Not a sliver or a glow of light should be seen.

Civilians are most likely to be attacked with incendiary bombs, sown broadside over large areas. The most vulnerable place for their work is your attic. Clean it out. Get rid of all combustibles. You will find innumerable gadgets that you had forgotten you possessed, and, in the fun of discovery, will be lessening the fire hazard. A heavy coat of white-wash will help in fireproofing attic timbers. Do not use paint unless it is marked "fireproof".

If your attic floor will support the weight, place on it a layer of ordinary building paper covered with three inches of sand. On top of this place a frame covered with one-half-inch chicken wire; the wire should be four inches above the sand. The paper has no purpose except to keep the sand from sifting into the floor cracks.

At least one hundred pounds of dry sand, and several long wooden-handled, straight-edged shovels or hoes should be kept in the attic and in stairway closets. A garden hose, long enough to reach from the bottom to the top of the house, with an adjustable

nozzle should be provided. Place pails of water in strategic spots, and, when you hear the "alert", fill the bathtubs and basins and provide "bailers". Your water main may be broken.

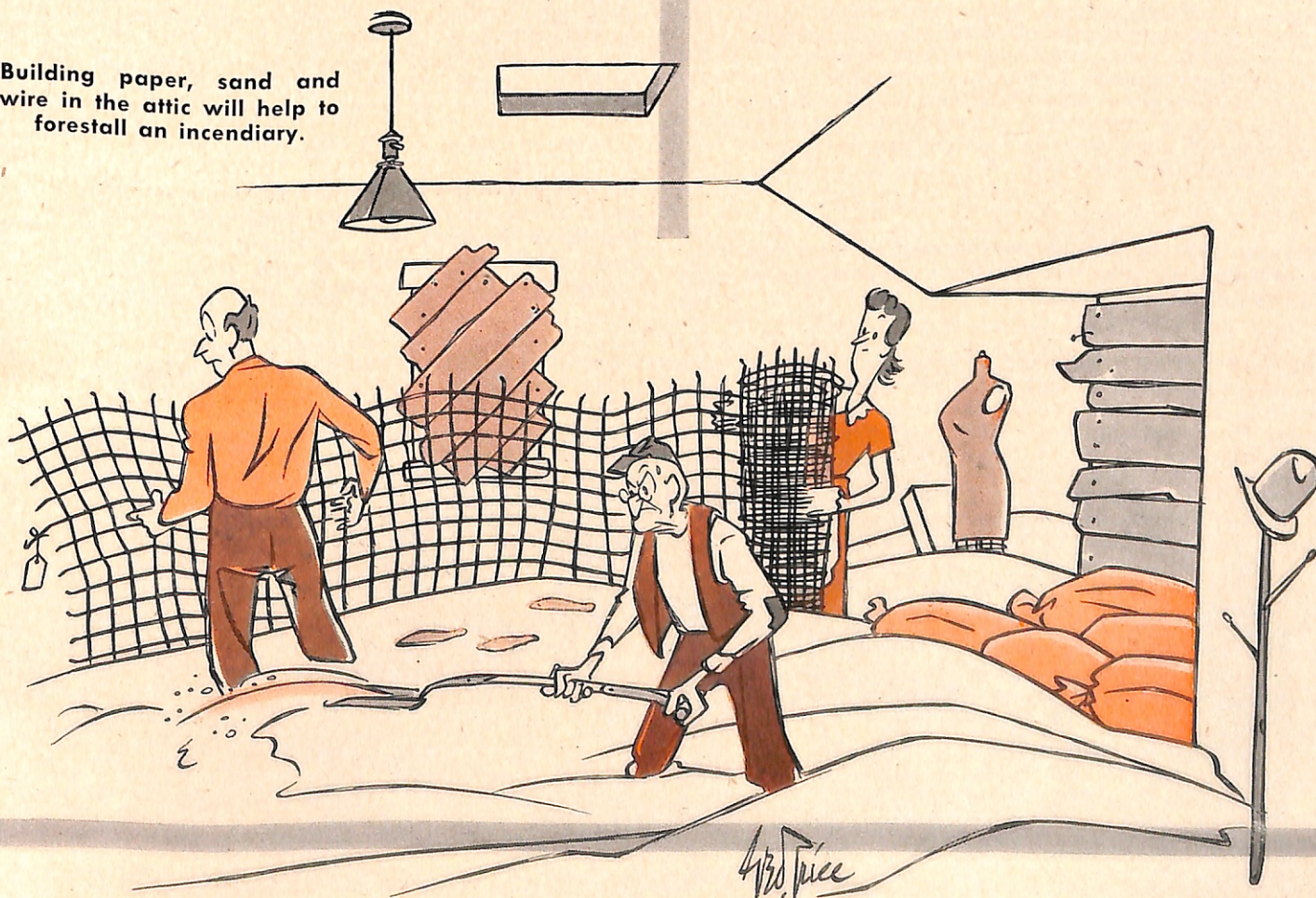
Neither sand nor water will extinguish an incendiary bomb. Water, when applied in a coarse spray, will make the bomb burn itself out in two or three minutes. Never apply a steady stream of water or throw the contents of a water pail on an incendiary, unless you want to see a great display of fire-works for the last time.

Sand will smother the fire sufficiently for you to scoop up the bomb in a shovel and drop it in a pail partially filled with sand. Then cover it with sand, and, holding the bucket on the shovel or hoe, carry it out of the house. Never touch the bucket with your bare hand. You won't forget it if you do. Better get asbestos gloves.

Never use a fire extinguisher containing Carbon Tetrachloride on a fire bomb. They're okay for fires started by incendiaries, but may cause the generation of Phosgene, a deadly gas, if used on a bomb. One water-filled extinguisher is not enough to burn out an incendiary.

The most effective means yet discovered for extinguishing magnesium bombs is hard-coal tar. The U. S. Bureau of Mines has found that when tar, in granulated or flaked form, is thrown on a bomb of this type, it quickly forms an air-tight jacket which smothers the flame. Powdered tar has explosive characteristics, so don't make the mistake of using it. The flaked or granulated tar can be stored as you would sand, in twenty-five or fifty-pound lots. It is reasonably priced and can be obtained from any firm specializing in coal tar products.

Building paper, sand and wire in the attic will help to forestall an incendiary.



Caulk a third floor room with a mash made of newspapers soaked in washing soda.

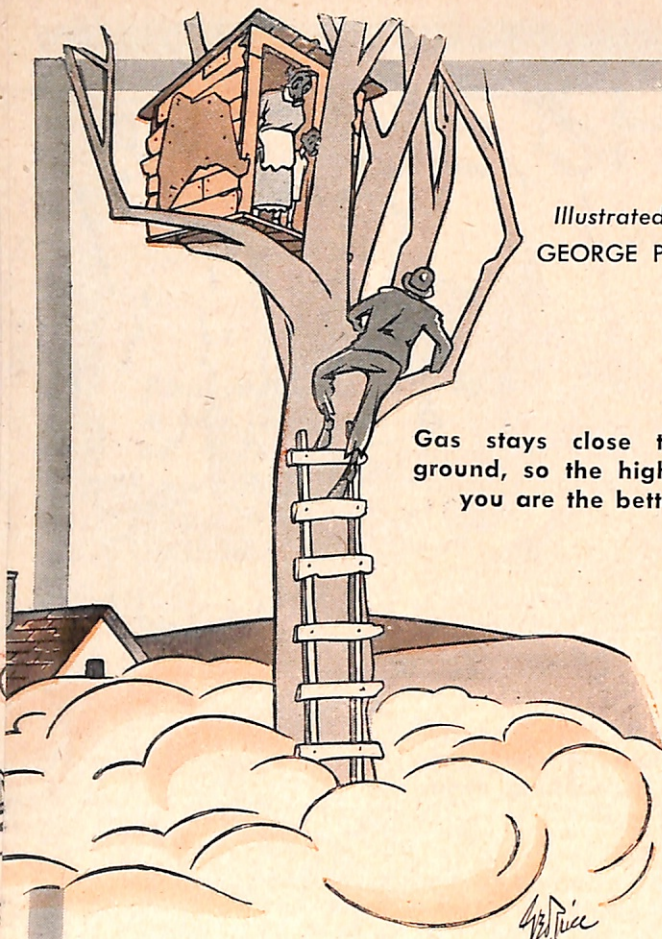
When approaching an incendiary, crawl or crouch. Wear sun-glasses to prevent being blinded by the glare and hold something in front of you. A small table will do.

Put out any fires caused by an incendiary before you tackle the bomb itself. Don't let your home burn down around you in the excitement of mastering a fire bomb.

The War Department advised that deep red lights are more satisfactory under blackout conditions than

Illustrated By
GEORGE PRICE

Gas stays close to the
ground, so the higher up
you are the better.



the widely accepted blue lights, so cover your outdoor flashlight with red material. In addition to your red light, have a white one for indoors, and extra batteries and bulbs for both.

As long as you are going to live the sheltered life you might as well be comfortable. Equip your place of refuge with beds, pillows, blankets and easy chairs. A sturdy table and, if possible, a toilet are important. Have a portable radio tuned to a reliable news source, and don't forget games. You may have trouble finding a fourth for bridge, so take along your favorite games in addition to a couple of decks of cards. For children, modeling clay, books and a phonograph are best. If you haven't yet read GWTW, here's your chance.

Provide jugs of distilled water, and at least one can of fruit juice, soup and milk for each person, and don't forget the can opener.

Beside your bed, have warm clothes, with chewing gum and milk chocolate in the pockets for thirst and nutrition. Also have a flashlight and a metal box containing your most important papers.

Efficient blackout precautions make possible the use of a small white light. The religious type of candle, called a Vigil Light, which comes in a glass jar will burn continuously for almost a week. Get a dozen. Maybe the electric power will be shut off.

Always have a first aid kit at hand; plenty of vaseline for burns and cuts, and a tourniquet—and be sure you know how to use it. You will probably have your headaches with this business, so don't forget the aspirin.

Have an axe, crowbar and a saw in a cellar shelter. You may have to hack your way out.

If you are not going helter skelter for a community shelter, take the dog and cat along; the dog on a leash and the cat in a box. Caring for them will keep you and the kids busy.

A refuge in the cellar is of little use during a gas attack. The only antidote for gas is fresh air, so, if you haven't got a gas mask and an oilskin suit, and you probably haven't, the higher up you are the better. Gas stays close to the ground because it must be heavier than air to be effective. Therefore, when it becomes obvious that gas is being used, head immediately for the top floor. A third-floor room, caulked with a mash made from newspapers soaked in washing soda, and with the smaller cracks covered with tape, may be used. Never administer artificial respiration to a gas victim. You will only force the poison deeper into his lungs.

Check the local newspapers for your air-raid alarm, and when it sounds, open the doors and windows to prevent breakage or jamming by concussion. Turn off all gas stove burners but not the pilot light, and never touch a main gas, water or light switch. Leave the furnace and water heaters alone. Fill tubs with water, turn off the lights, and amble down into the privacy and peace of your previously prepared place of refuge.

Appoint one person in your house to look after all these details of preparedness.

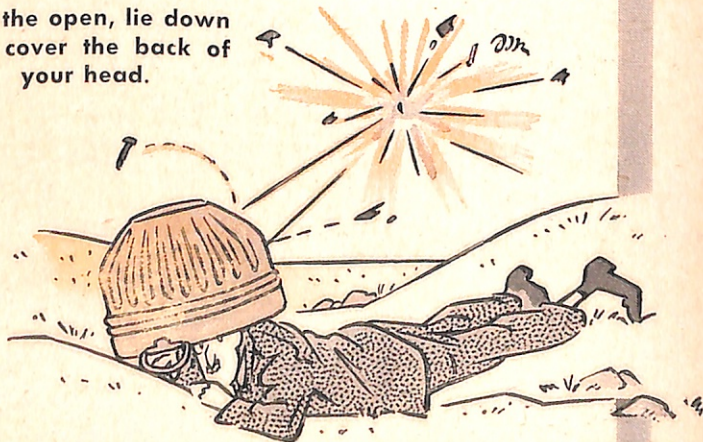
If the children are at school at the time of an alarm, don't try to go to them or call them. They will be well protected. Don't use the telephone during a raid. You will only help to jam an important means of communication, and your Air Raid Warden will not be sitting there waiting for you to call; he'll be out working. Do know the phone number of your fire department and Air Raid Sector Headquarters, and the location of the nearest fire call box for use in case a small fire turns into a conflagration. Don't make these calls until the "all clear" has sounded.

If you think that "it can't happen here", and are caught short, get under a heavy, well-built table or an overturned divan, lie down and cross your fingers.

If you are in the street when the alarm sounds, get under cover. If you are in a car, park the car first and leave the keys in it. If caught in the open, lie down and cover the back of your head. It may be undignified, but you probably want to live.

F. R. A.

If in the open, lie down
and cover the back of
your head.



They'll "Remember Pearl Harbor"



Wide World Photos

Honolulu Lodge reports the Hawaiian attack.

The following article, which will be of great interest to all members of our Order, was written by Edwin E. Rols, Secretary of Honolulu Lodge No. 616, in the Territory of Hawaii, shortly after the treacherous attack by the Japanese Navy on Pearl Harbor.

HONOLULU was quiet on Sunday morning, December 7th. The Elks annual Memorial Services were to be held at eleven and I was downtown running some last-minute errands when the air shook with a series of explosions. "Starting early for anti-aircraft practice," I thought. A little farther

along King Street there came a crash and somebody yelled, "It's a bomb—it fell into that hardware store across the street!"

The fire-trucks were rumbling around the corner, so I ducked down a side street with my car and headed for the club via the waterfront. Looking west toward Pearl Harbor I could see great columns of smoke rising heavenward, dotted by the puff-balls of anti-aircraft shells.

An enemy attack? Don't be a dope!

An explosion of some sort. It couldn't be anything else. Yet, driving the five miles back to the Elks Club on Waikiki Beach, it was obvious that there was trouble, for

Army blitz buggies were pouring frantically along the roads, with armed soldiers hanging desperately to every foot- and hand-hold.

At the Club I climbed to the makai (seaward) porch or lanai on the third floor. In the west, heavy columns of black smoke ascended, slashed by belches of flame, polka-dotted with anti-aircraft fire. Planes darted down from the low-hanging clouds, zoomed up into their cover

(Continued on page 28)

First meeting of Honolulu Elks after Pearl Harbor attack. Note steel helmets, uniforms and wartime beards.



**A man's memories and a boy's hopes woven into a story
told with great understanding.**

OF ALL my birthdays, it is the fifteenth that I remember best. Two important things happened then: Hartley Graham returned to Clarendon after an absence of many years. And a dark, mysterious thing called a depression robbed me of the shotgun.

It was a fine shotgun, a twenty-gauge double, and it cost sixty dollars. It was the pride of the Hickman Hardware Store's stock and I knew the first time I saw it in the window that it was the gun I had to have. So I spent months suggesting in one way or another to my father

that the right gift for my birthday would be a shotgun, fifteen being the age that I could legally obtain a hunting license. Most of the time my father acted as if he wasn't listening. Then one day we were downtown together and went into Hickman's to buy some nails and I showed him the gun. "You take a gun like that," I said, "and you'd have something for a lifetime. A long lifetime."

My father grinned and said I was shooting mighty high, but I knew by the way he said it that the battle was won. And when he got Mr. Hick-

man off in a corner and talked to him, dropping his voice so I couldn't hear, the gun was practically mine. That night I lay awake for hours planning hunts and visualizing the limit kills of quail and pheasant I'd bring proudly home.

The depression was a sudden thing, a swift thing. At first it was only an unusual word in the newspaper. Then it was the reason why Mr. Abercrombie, who had been with the Graham Tool Company for twenty years, lost his job. Soon afterward my father came home with a worried look on his tired face, saying that



there were rumors of a salary cut for all the Graham employees—he had been with the company all his working life. Then the salary cut was no longer a rumor but a fact, and the value of the stock in which my father had invested much of his savings was down to almost nothing. It was a month before my birthday that he told my mother we would have to cut expenses. She ran a hand through her hair and all she said was, "Yes, George. I know."

The day before my birthday he talked to me privately. He stood very erect, looking a little stern, and I knew that was because what he had to say hurt his pride and he had a great deal of pride. He said, "About that gun, Phil. I guess you figured

you were going to get it. The truth is, I figured to get it for you. This depression's changed things. And so—well, it's impossible now, that's all. I hope you won't be too disappointed."

"No, sir," I said. I tried not to let him see how I felt.

He turned around then and went into the living room and I followed. My mother and my aunt were there and he said, "Well, I hear Hartley Graham's back. Maybe he's interested in seeing how the other half lives. He'll find plenty to look at on the south side. I hope he enjoys all his money while other people are near to starving."

The women joined in the talk then, the bitterness deep in their voices. I listened absently and tried not to think of the shotgun. They repeated the story of Hartley Graham and it was a story that went back a long time. For the Grahams were not merely a family in our town—they were a symbol.

It was Hartley Graham's grandfather who had started the tool factory that had become and still was the principal industry. It was Hartley Graham's father who had carried it on and built it and made it great by our modest standards. And it was Hartley Graham who had been the most favored of them all, born rich, sent East to a great technical school to prepare for his lifework here in Clarendon.

"But he was too good for us," my father said, and there was an old anger in his voice. That was just after the news was printed that Hartley Graham had sold the business to a great corporation. While my father's position was in no way threatened, he brooded over the sale for weeks. "Maybe what happened to the Fossden girl was for the best. No doubt he would have found himself too

good for her too before long."

That was part of the story, the most often repeated part, especially among the women of the town. She had been a storekeeper's daughter and it had been one of those traditional story-book romances. He had married her, and he had taught her to follow in his ways. His passion then had been hunting and bird dogs; he had taught her to shoot and how to handle dogs and there had been hardly a good day when they hadn't pursued the sport—that had been more than forty years ago and no one had heard of closed seasons then. But one day she had tried to follow a wounded pheasant down a cliff that even a dog refused, and she had slipped. A week later she was dead.

"He didn't show that he felt anything at all," my aunt said. "He was seen even before the funeral looking the same as ever. He didn't pay any attention to people before she died and he didn't pay any attention after. He went away a little while after that and we heard he was in Europe, studying painting."

"Yes," my father said, "painting!" He shook his head.

I knew about Hartley Graham's paintings—there were some of them in the local museum, which, like most other town institutions, had been established by his father. The paintings were in one of the smaller rooms, down past the big room that held reproductions of the Elgin Marbles. They were mostly of hunting dogs and horses and I thought them very beautiful. I had never seen a fine horse in the flesh and only a few bird dogs, but I knew beyond argument that Mr. Graham had painted them exactly as they were. He had caught a splendor and a majesty. I never told anyone this and when people made jokes about his pictures I said nothing.

There was a story about the paintings too. One time, before I was born, a whole collection of Hartley Graham's paintings had been sent to the museum and shown there. The town went to scoff and most of the town came away scoffing. The principal newspaper, which was dominated by the Grahams, was fulsome with praise, and reproduced a comment by an eastern critic saying that Mr. Graham had a fine sense of movement and a deep knowledge of animals and their ways. But there was another paper published in Clarendon then; its editor hated the Grahams and their wealth and all that they stood for. It was his article on the exhibition that many people, my aunt among them, clipped and kept. I remember some of it: "It is no doubt pleasant that Hartley Graham has the time and the means to indulge his hobbies. Pleasant for Hartley Graham, that is. The employees of his company, of course, have no time for such happy and profitless diversions. But we doubt if Hartley Graham thinks of this. We even doubt if Hartley Graham thinks often of Elizabeth Fossden who was born to one station in life and mar-

THE GUN

By Roderick Lull

Illustrated by MALVIN SINGER

"I always used to open the season here," he said. "Come on, Major."

ried into another, who died playing a costly and completely unproductive game which she would have known nothing about had it not been that she excited Hartley Graham's fancy. . . ." So it went for a whole column. At the end was this paragraph: "It may be out of place here and it is no doubt ungracious, but your editor cannot refrain from mentioning that today a request has been sent to Mr. Graham for a donation for a hospital, a thing that Clarendon sorely needs. We wonder if Mr. Graham will respond."

"What did he do about the hospital?" I asked.

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing."

"But we've got a hospital."

My aunt nodded. It had been none of Hartley Graham's doing, she told me. It had been given finally by an eastern organization which had an endowment for building hospitals in communities that needed and lacked them. There hadn't even been an acknowledgment to the request, though the committee, of which she was one, had written him three times. There was nothing I could say to that. But I still liked Mr. Graham's pictures and the next day I went back to the museum to look at them again.

I SPENT a bad night, though when I got up in the morning I had reconciled myself to getting along without the gun. When I came down to breakfast there was a small gift for me and I tried to act as if it was just what I wanted. My aunt had more news still about Hartley Graham. The Graham house was four blocks up from ours. It took in two square blocks, it was surrounded by a hedge too high for even a tall man to see over and the brick house was the biggest dwelling I had ever seen. Ever since I could remember the great iron gates had been padlocked, and about the whole place had been an air of immense loneliness and desertion, though now and then men came to cut the grass and keep the grounds from going entirely wild. Now, said my aunt, the padlocks were off the gates and a tremendous black car had been seen entering the drive. In the back seat was Hartley Graham looking about the same as ever except that his hair had gone very grey. And beside him on the seat was a long-haired, long-eared dog. It was almost a scandal. A magnificently upholstered car that had probably cost more than even men with good jobs earned in two years—and a dog riding in it like an emperor! My father smiled at the news; that was Hartley Graham for you.

I walked past the house that morning, going to school. The gates were closed as usual, but there were no padlocks. Smoke came from the four chimneys and I wondered, ablaze with curiosity, what it was like inside those endless rooms. Then I was at the corner and it happened. A black and dark red setter, a type I had never seen, tore through a thin space in the hedge, chasing a cotton-

tail. An old car came down the street too fast. It was like a sequence from a moving picture: the car disappearing around a corner down the block, the cottontail gone and the dog lying in the street, bleeding slowly from the mouth, his legs twitching feebly.

There was no one in sight and I stood still for a moment, shocked and confused. Then the dog moaned and I went to him, hesitating, wondering what to do. I knelt and he looked up at me with tremendous brown eyes, blood-shot and terribly frightened now. So I put my arms under him as gently as I could and gathered him up. He was a good-sized dog, big as an English setter, and he was heavy. I walked very carefully down the street and through the gates and on to the house. The bell was too high to reach with the dog in my arms so I kicked on the old oak door. After what seemed a terribly long time the door opened. A thin man with pale blue eyes gasped a little and said, "What happened? If you've hurt that dog, Mr. Graham's going to—"

But there was another man coming fast down the hall and it was Mr. Graham. I noticed that he was big and much older than my father, and that his eyes were about the same color and size as those of the hurt setter. He said, "I'll take care of this, Biddle." His voice was low and very carrying. He said, "We'll fix you up all right, Major," and touched the dog's head once. I started to tell about the accident and he cut me off. "Come on, boy. And don't stumble."

He got a small car out of the garage and turned it around in a hurry. He told me to get in and be sure I kept the dog's head higher than his tail. He drove fast, but very carefully. We made the veterinary's in five minutes—in six the dog was on the metal table. I stood in a corner watching while the veterinary and Mr. Graham talked. At last the veterinary said, "I think he'll make it, sir. I can't be dead sure yet but nothing seems to be broken. There's something messed up inside—good thing we got him quick. I'll call you as soon as I'm certain."

Mr. Graham nodded to me and we got back in the car and drove off. He didn't say anything until he had put it away in the garage. Then all he said was, "Come inside."

The man called Biddle was in the hall. He seemed to bow to both of us and it was very exciting. Mr. Graham took me to a long room, the handsomest room I had ever seen. There were pictures everywhere of dogs and horses, both photographs and paintings, and racks of guns behind glass.

Mr. Graham said, "What's your name, boy?"

"Philip Randolph, sir."

"How did you know that was my dog?"

"I saw him run out through the hedge."

"It was no amazing piece of deduction, then. But you acted smartly

and I like that. Do you like dogs?"

I nodded. "Only I never had much to do with hunting dogs. But I saw your pictures at the museum."

Mr. Graham smiled. It was a one-sided smile and made deep new lines in his face. "They aren't good pictures. I thought they were once, then I learned better. Well, no matter. Wait a minute."

He left the room and I went over and looked into one of the gun cabinets. I hadn't known such guns existed—the stocks were like the finest furniture and the barrels and locks were heavily engraved. I didn't hear him come back. His voice said from over my shoulder, "So you like guns, too."

"Yes, sir."

He opened the cabinet and glanced along the line of shotguns. He took one out, broke it and squinted through the barrels. "Ever go hunting?"

"A little. I've got a twenty-two."

"I mean bird hunting." He snapped the gun shut and handed it to me. "This is my favorite. Bored cylinder and modified. Best balance I ever saw."

It was a superb gun. The engraving was deep and there was gold and silver inlay—pheasants and quail, a setter pointing, a pointer lifting his muzzle to the wind. I ran my hand along the stock and it was like touching silk. Once I'd seen a gun that was supposed to have cost two hundred dollars and it hadn't compared to this.

Mr. Graham took it out of my hands. He held it for a moment, looking at it. Then he put it back in the case.

"I was going to get a gun yesterday, for my birthday," I said. "Only on account of the depression—" I stopped, doubly embarrassed to have seemed to hint, and to have put my

"You'd give a lot for that gun, wouldn't you, boy?" Mr. Graham said kindly.

father in a bad light before this man.

"That must have been a great disappointment to you," Mr. Graham said. "A man hates to lose anything he's planned on."

I didn't say anything, and Mr. Graham locked the gun case. He said, "Here's some ginger ale for you."

He had some whiskey and water and in a little while I got up to go. I thanked him and said, "I hope your dog will be all right, sir."

"I've had him ten years. He ought to have better sense than to chase rabbits at his age. And if he died



I'd never want to see another bird dog again. If you're really interested, come back tomorrow and I'll tell you the verdict." Then he nodded and I realized I was two hours late for school.

That night I told my father what had happened. He looked at me with an odd smile. "Must be quite a place he's got there."

"I only saw one room. He's got mostly guns in that. You never saw such guns. He let me handle one. The best one."

My father nodded. "That must have made him feel good. I don't suppose he offered to give you a gun, after you'd saved that dog of his. Not Mr. Graham. He's not one to give anything away. Even though he's got more than a hundred men could use."

"He didn't owe me anything," I said slowly. "Anyway I like him."

My father looked away. "I dare say he's likeable enough. I don't know him and I don't care to know him. I do say he owes this town something he's never delivered."

I DIDN'T have any answer for that. That evening I sat around thinking of the gun Mr. Graham had let me handle, and thinking of the gun I'd expected and not got.

The next day I spent a lot of time wondering how the dog was. And after school I went back to see Mr. Graham. In the back of my mind I was thinking maybe he'd let me handle the gun again.

The man called Biddle opened the door; I called him "sir" and he led me in silence down to the long room where Mr. Graham sat at the desk, running over papers and ledgers and important-looking documents with a strained look on his face. But he grinned when he saw me and began putting the papers away. "Hello, son. Glad you came. Want to run down to the vet's with me? I called and Major's going to make it. Damned fine resistance in that dog. He's a Gordon setter, you know. Don't see many any more, and you never did see many as good as Major when he was young. People said they were too slow. I'll take thoroughness before flash any time."

He stood up a little heavily, holding to the desk edge. Biddle took a step toward him and Mr. Graham said sharply, "Never mind, Biddle."

The Gordon setter was in a cast that made it impossible for him to do more than move his head and front legs. I knew by the way he looked at Mr. Graham that he cared for no one else in the world. He made a little high sound in his throat and then was still, and Mr. Graham was running his hand up and down his shoulder and talking to him. "Damned fool," Mr. Graham said. "Utter damned fool. You should have got yourself killed. A rabbit! It's a miserable disgrace."

He turned to the veterinary then. "Will he be crippled? Badly, I mean." He was very anxious.

(Continued on page 50)



John E. Sheridan

Editorial

Win the War Class

IT IS rather difficult to realize that we are head over heels in the greatest war in world history, but such is the fact. There is no escaping it. There is no use in contemplating how or why. We are in it, and in it to the bitter end, which means until victory crowns our effort. This will involve the expenditure of money in astronomical figures beyond our ability to comprehend. This money must be provided out of our pockets. There is no getting around it. Taxes and still more taxes until we are all bled white. This cost can be computed even though not fully understood. By far the greater cost will be in blood, in tears, in anguish and in the loss of loved ones who will lay down their lives that the war may be won and the blessings of liberty and freedom thereby be preserved to those who come after us.

This war is not in the future. It is here now. It is your war, our war. As Elks we will do our full duty. As one of the means to this end Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland issued a call on January 5 in the following important telegram:

"This is advance notice of the Win the War Class. The epochal beginning of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks' tribute to the memory of American heroes who have suffered the unjustifiable and barbaric attack of a savage nation. I am calling on every subordinate lodge and every Elk to make this the largest class ever inducted into our Order. The week of March seventeen has been designated by proclamation as Win

the War Week, as Elkdom's answer to the Japs and their partners in crime. This will be our recruiting of real, qualified American citizens to our rolls, that we may grow in strength and be better able to answer the calls of America that are to follow. Time is short and I hereby grant special dispensation to all lodges that do not hold regular weekly meetings to do so until this class is initiated. Your full cooperation with the Grand Lodge Activities Committee in this laudable venture is anticipated."

This is our first opportunity to print this appeal, and to join in the call to all lodges and to every Elk to build our Order to a greater membership, thereby adding to our influence in supporting our Government during the trying ordeal which is now upon us and which will confront us probably for the next two or three years, possibly for a longer period. Let us not sidestep nor regard the matter lightly, but get to work in earnest. The time is short but sufficient to accomplish this first task which the Grand Exalted Ruler has assigned to us.

Stamp, Stamp, the Boys Are Marching

NOT to be overlooked in our efforts to assist the Government in defending us against those seeking to destroy our form of government is the call to buy U. S. Savings Stamps and Bonds. By putting our spare dollars into these securities they go to work immediately in our national defense, and at the same time they go to work for us instead of remaining idle. The return is not large but as large as can be expected, in these times, on any safe investment. The full faith and credit of the United States is back of them, pledged as it is to the payment of both principle and interest. No investment can be safer or more secure than that. It is the same guarantee that is back of your cash on hand, in your pocket or in your bank, and it is a guarantee on which all may rely.

From time to time you can invest as much or as little as your finances justify. You can buy postal savings stamps for 10c, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. At your post office you can obtain



a stamp card or album for the safekeeping of the stamps until your savings equal the price of a bond and then you may exchange the card or album for a bond of the denomination equaling the total of your savings. Thus is afforded a convenient way to save your money and obtain United States Savings Bonds.

These bonds are issued in series of different amounts with slightly different rates of interest. The Treasury has issued a pamphlet giving, in detail, information as to each of these series. This can be obtained from your bank, your post office or by writing to the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, D. C.

In purchasing these bonds you not only have the satisfaction of knowing your money is secure, but also of knowing that you have underwritten a portion of the enormous expense of this war. When the victory comes you will be pardonably proud that you have contributed to it, which is the duty of every American citizen, his part in bringing Victory to the United Nations.

The Granddaddy of Them All

MUCH less than occasionally in these days do we find new and heretofore undiscovered and unexploited works of art chiseled by the hand of nature using wind, rain, sleet, snow and floods as the instruments for carving grand and beautiful designs. It sometimes happens that the modern explorer encounters some such object even in lands which have long been traveled but over the trails of easy access. Nature has a way of hiding some of its richest treasures in almost inaccessible places which remain undiscovered until some adventurous soul on a journey into the unknown or little known stumbles onto them, never realizing what he will find.

Of such ilk is the white water-navigator Norman Nevills who with Preston Walker recently traveled by boat down the turbulent San Juan as it rushes headlong down the steep incline of its bed to join the dangerous waters of the Colorado as they course through the Grand Cañon. The San Juan is

said to be the highest and swiftest water in this country, perhaps in the world. To stand on its banks and view the rapids, the waterfalls, the eddies and the swift flow of the river, one wonders how any craft could survive the descent. This indeed would be impossible except for a master craftsman such as Mr. Nevills. He successfully negotiated it, however, at the expense of many thrills and frequent soakings and at the risk of life and limb.

Nearing the boundary line between Arizona and Utah our travelers passed the mouths of many cañons including Forbidden and Hidden Passage. Dismounting from their river bronco they journeyed six miles to Rainbow Bridge which is known as the granddaddy of all natural bridges. It is 400 feet high and 500 feet across. It is a magnificent arch which has been seen by only a few who have dared to trust themselves to the dangers of travel through the rugged and precipitous cañon trails. It spans a small stream but it is impossible to conceive of its waters having played even a minor part in forming the imposing arch. There are only two ways of approach, one a sixteen-mile horseback trip out of Kayenta, Utah, and the other one hundred twenty miles down the San Juan, another thirty-five miles down the Colorado, and this plus a six mile hike up Forbidden Cañon and across to Bridge Cañon brings you face to face with this natural wonder. It stands silent and majestic in its loneliness, the monarch of all in the surrounding cañons. It is symmetrical, as though chiseled by a master craftsman with the greatest care from granite walls richly colored. What has happened there during past ages is beyond comprehension. The rays of the setting sun transform its walls into a thing of transcendent beauty and grandeur. It is rightly named the Rainbow Bridge, and having once stood in its presence, the desire to return is ever present and all but irresistible. It has no counterpart in all the world and the tragedy of it is that nature has so guarded it in its lonesome surroundings that few indeed will ever witness it, but those so privileged will be well repaid for the dangerous journey and for the risks assumed. The very difficulty of viewing it heightens what is in any case a noble experience.

They'll "Remember Pearl Harbor"

(Continued from page 21)

again. Two chocolate-colored airplanes roared over Honolulu, were lost in the mist hanging over the Koolau Range.

Destroyers and cruisers raced back and forth, some of them a bare quarter-mile off the coral reef that shelters the Elks Club from the long Pacific rollers. From every ship sprang flashes of flame. A series of tremendous geysers enveloped a destroyer—we held our breaths till we saw her dashing seaward again. Two bombs plunked into the water a hundred and fifty yards from where we stood, and we craned our necks to watch the watery mushrooms climb slowly into the air.

One of the house residents poked his head out of the door. "Hey," he called, "what's the idea of all the racket? I want to sleep."

"The Japs are attacking," we chorused.

He gave a Bronx cheer. "Rats. Quit the kidding."

Before we could reply, a radio blared out from one of the rooms along the lanai. "Be calm," it monotoned. "The enemy has attacked the island of Oahu. This is *not* a simulated attack—it's the real McCoy. The Rising Sun is on the warpath."

"What did we tell you," we yelled.

WHOOSH! A tower of water rose into the sky a half-mile out—another—a third. Depth-bombs, dropped by destroyers as they scurried in zig-zags, careening dangerously. So—submarines!

A freighter appeared out of nowhere, escorted by a cruiser, and paused in the Roads. We heard a sizzling and screeching as from a monstrous rocket, and simultaneously a series of watery volcanoes erupted around the ship. The freighter picked up its dingy skirts and sidled skittishly into the harbor.

BOOM! and a pillar of flame roared out from the west. The floor of the lanai shook beneath us. "Parachute troops believed landing," the short-wave announced stridently. We stared at one another. Were all of us dreaming? In another hour the Elks Memorial Services would start.

I skipped downstairs. The florists were completing the floral clock, ready to decorate the Rose Room. "Finish the clock and let the rest go," I told them. "We won't have the services today."

At the services the Secretary was to have read the names of the ten Brothers who had passed away during the year. Now there'd be more names to add to the list. . . . Many of our members worked in the sections which were now under attack . . . on the Navy ships there were many Brothers of 616, Elks from a hundred mainland lodges. The visitors had become good friends of ours.

The firing died away. The pong

of bombs ceased. Three American planes raced overhead. Sirens on Emergency Disaster cars screamed past on Kalakaua Avenue. The pall of smoke became heavier.

The telephone rang madly. "Is my husband there?" and "Tell my wife, will you, that I'm safe, but her brother—"

The radio blared again, "Do not use the telephone. You are interfering with the military. Keep off the streets. Do not use the telephone."

I slapped out a message on the typewriter, stuck it under the phone just outside my office. "DON'T USE THIS PHONE—BE AN AMERICAN!"

Another call. Major Disaster Council. Could we send all available men to the water-front immediately? On the jump! Elks piled into cars, whizzed away.

We collected buckets of sand and long-handled shovels for extinguishing incendiary bombs. We managed to get more shovels from the hardware store that had been bombed, and equipped each floor of the building for fighting fire. Hastily we ran off several thousand copies of the instructions for fighting incendiary bombs, posted them throughout the club, sent the balance to Major Disaster headquarters for general distribution.

An Elk hurried up. "I've got to get away to my post. How about making out a membership application for me now?" I didn't do it—I couldn't. The telephone was ringing like a fury. "Send Morris out at once—he's needed urgently by his precinct patrol." "Get all the blood donors you can to the hospital—the shortage is acute." "All fire wardens report immediately to their stations." A woman with two children drove up in a car, horror staring from her eyes. We helped her out,

gave the youngsters soda-water and poured a brandy for the woman. She'd seen her husband blown to bits by a Jap bomb, and was trying to keep the children from crying! No time now for taking membership applications—this was war!

The racket died down again. About twenty of the house residents were scattered around the lanai, trying to figure out just what had happened. There were twenty different versions—

The crescendo of a diving plane! A muffled BOOM—a second one. Right in the heart of Honolulu—and the bombs struck in the teeming Oriental quarter!

We wanted to help—somehow, anyhow. The radio monotoned, "Keep off the streets. Keep calm. Do not use the telephone. Keep off the streets. This is an order. This is an order."

More evacuees streamed in from the bombed residential sections near the airports. Three women appeared, jammed into a sedan with mattresses piled on the hood and a battered aluminum pot dangling pathetically from the radiator cap. "Can we camp on your lawn, please? We're all that's left from our street." Camp on our lawn? A dozen residents volunteered to turn over their quarters to the evacuees. Our cooks served them food. We got them each a bracer.

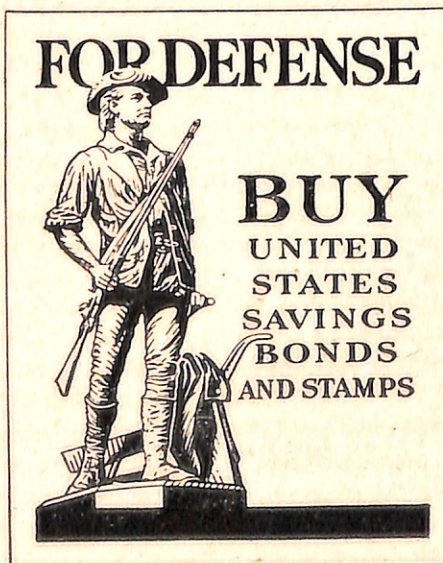
A call from Esteemed Leading Knight MacGuigan, on Provincial Police duty on the windward side of the Island, "Cancel the Memorial Services. Exalted Ruler Simpson's home was right in the middle of the worst of it—I don't know what's happened to him or his family." A few minutes later—Exalted Ruler Simpson calling—yes, his family was safe—postpone the services and take care of everything.

Five minutes to eleven. Evalyn Jennings, soprano, who was to have sung at our services, hurried in. She'd been in the center of the fight, ministering to the wounded. When a relief crew arrived, she jumped into her car and scooted for Honolulu to fulfill her professional engagement at the Elks services. The eyes of the original Jolly Corks in the Eternal Lodge above must have glistened as they saw this small woman turning from the carnage of battle to drive long miles, perilous with enemy dive-bombers, to sing at the Elks Memorial Services!

The day dragged on. We wondered how many of our friends were gone. When we saw a plane we peered anxiously to see if it were American or if it bore the red rising-sun of Japan. The radio bleated, "Keep off the telephone. Keep off the streets. This is an order."

More evacuees, white and drawn. Members of the Lodge strode about,

(Continued on page 49)





THE

ELKS

IN THE

WAR

JOHN HYDE
PHILLIPS

SPECIAL WAR SECTION of The **ELKS** Magazine

The ELKS in the First World War

IN ALL the annals of Elkdom nothing stands out in greater or prouder significance than the magnificent record of patriotism and accomplishment of the Elks in the war years of 1917-1918. From the very day of America's entry into the conflict, through the grim days at home and on the battlefields of France, down to the final great gesture of patriotism which produced the beautiful Elks National War Memorial Building at Chicago, Elks throughout the land wrote brilliant chapters in the history of the Order.

More than 70,000 Elks saw service under the Stars and Stripes in every part of the vast war machine and when peace finally came more than

administer the fund, took steps to create two base hospitals in France.

The Virginia-Elks Hospital at Paris cared for 3,000 sick and wounded at one time and handled one-fourth of all the patients coming into that District. The Oregon-Elks Hospital at Bazoilles-sur-Meuse, the most advanced hospital in the Toul-Nancy sector, cared for 8,366 patients in its 2,300 beds.

Outstanding among the Order's activities and accomplishments on this side of the Atlantic was the Elks Reconstruction Hospital at Boston. Hundreds of men today owe their place in life to the medical and surgical care they received at this splendid 700-bed hospital which was built and completely equipped with funds administered by the Elks War Relief Commission. Truly a splendid

death, every loan making up the total of \$700,000 was repaid. Congressman Simcon D. Fess, Chairman of the Committee on Education of the House of Representatives said of the revolving fund, "The government certainly appreciates the work that the Elks organization has done. Your example of a revolving fund is a very good one for the government to follow. However, that has never before been presented to us; for that reason the Committee owes more than the usual gratitude to you for coming to us and giving us this clear statement of the work of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, in cooperation with the government."

From every quarter came expressions of appreciation—some even in verse and song, others in the form of letters and addresses at official functions—for this practical work of the Order. Again, Elkdom had contributed in a manner designed to reach the very heart of America and thus render aid in keeping with the grand traditions and spirit of the Order!

On Lake Michigan's shore at Chicago stands today a stately reminder of the contributions made by every Elk in the land during the first World War—a great memorial building erected to endure through the ages



1,000 Elks had made the supreme sacrifice and joined the ranks of Absent Brothers. But while the boys were fighting "over there", Elkdom at home was functioning in the grand traditions of the Order.

It was on July 11, 1917 that the Grand Lodge, assembled in its 53rd regular session in Tremont Temple, Boston, made history with the following resolution which was adopted by acclamation with the singing of "America" by the 1800 delegates: *Resolved, that the sum of one million dollars be appropriated by the Grand Lodge of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America, to be known as the "War Relief Fund", such fund to be contributed by our subordinate lodges.*

As its first act, the War Relief Commission which was appointed to

achievement—to make it possible, where necessary, for war-injured men to re-enter a mode of civil life entirely different from that which they left to serve their country under arms.

To thousands of starving children in Eastern and Central Europe, the financial support given by the Order to the European Relief Council meant the difference between life and hope and famine and death. And for thousands of America's returning soldiers, the Elks provided the helping hand toward vocational rehabilitation through a revolving fund established by the War Relief Commission which made loans without any security whatever to more than 40,000 soldiers.

It is noteworthy that so great was the appreciation of the Elks' assistance that, except in a few cases of

Left to right: Past Grand Exalted Rulers Fred Harper, Jerome B. Fisher, John K. Tener, Joseph T. Fanning, Edward Rightor, and James R. Nicholson, now Chairman, members of the Elks War and Public Relations Commission.

as a symbol of the patriotic zeal of the entire membership of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks.

And so—in that other war which was to have ended war, our illustrious Order displayed its inherent strength and patriotism . . . made itself an even stronger body . . . equipped itself even for today when again we, as loyal, patriotic Americans are called upon to dispel the henchmen of greed and evil from the earth.

Forward to Victory once more, Elks and Americans!

Pictorial Highlights of 1917-18

No greater praise has ever been bestowed upon the Elks for their part in World War I than by General Pershing and Commander Booth of the Salvation Army. These two great leaders, in their expressions, epitomized the nation's appreciation of the outstanding work of Elksdom.



Paul Parker Photo



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

General John J. Pershing, commanding officer of the American Armies in the first World War, himself an Elk for 51 years. This is one of the last portraits for which General Pershing posed in his uniform as General of the Armies and was officially approved by him for publication.

Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army. Commander Booth, said at the 1919 Grand Lodge Convention, "I say without hesitancy that our organization could not have achieved its exceptional success in the war but for the splendid, practical, tangible aid that was rendered to us by the Elks."

From an Extemporaneous Address By
GENERAL JOHN J. PERSHING
At the Mother Lodge in New York City on
September 9, 1919.

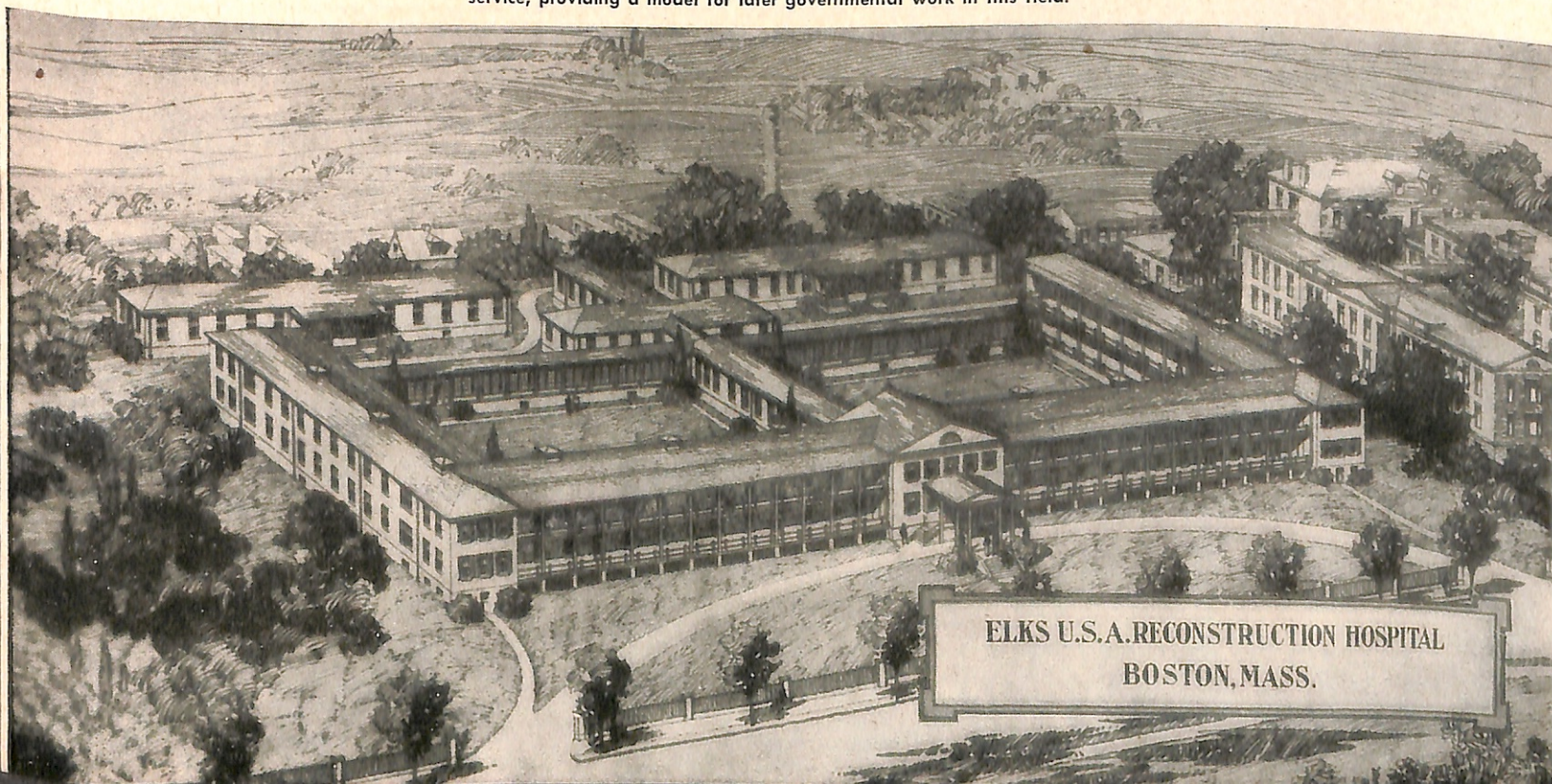
"No one knows better than an Elk what the Order stands for; and realizing, as I do, just what the vows of an Elk require him to do, prescribing in many ways the conduct of his life, I can readily appreciate, and do appreciate, the great work that has been accomplished by this Order.

"We who were fortunate enough to be sent to the battlefields of Europe to represent our people, felt that we had a united nation behind us; and I know of no organization or body of men whose patriotism,

whose loyalty and whose benevolence, have contributed in a greater degree to making that a possibility. We have felt not only the spirit of your patriotism, but we have felt the national benefit of your efforts to carry forward the principles for which America has stood in this war.

"I am proud to be able to say this to you so soon after my return to the homeland; and I wish to congratulate you, and Elks everywhere, for what you have done."

Below is the architect's elevation of the Elks Reconstruction Hospital on Parker Hill in Boston. The 700-bed hospital was erected and fully equipped from the War Relief Fund and was the first of such hospitals in service, providing a model for later governmental work in this field.



ELKS U.S.A. RECONSTRUCTION HOSPITAL
BOSTON, MASS.

The ORDER of ELKS

More Than 400,000 Students Participate in
"What Uncle Sam Means To Me" Contest.



FOSTERING patriotism — spreading Americanism—always cardinal functions of Elklod, attained a new performance peak in 1941 through the medium of the Patriotic Essay Contest sponsored by the Elks National Defense Commission. With the splendid cooperation of subordinate lodges, State Associations and defense committees throughout the nation, more than 400,000 high school students entered the competition for which substantial national, local and state prizes were awarded.

The inspiring composite painting of Uncle Sam by C. C. Beall, which when viewed at close range contains at least fourteen readily identifiable essentials of defense production, was presented to President Roosevelt at the White House and widely circulated as a national defense poster by the War Department. Identification of fourteen symbols of production by contestants was a requisite part of the Essay Contest. The

poster was widely publicized and reproductions of it appeared in *Life* and other national magazines.

Prominent educators and literary personages within the jurisdiction of each subordinate lodge served as local judges in the contest. The three winning essays in each locality were then submitted to state juries which awarded three state prizes. Finally the winning essay in each state was forwarded to a jury composed of former Governor Wilbur C. Cross of Connecticut, Rabbi Edgar F. Magnin of Los Angeles and Professor Ralph B. Wagner of Washington University

at the presentation of the poster are, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Judge James T. Hallinan; Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York; the then Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph G. Buch, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and Charles Spencer Hart.

at St. Louis who selected as the winners of the grand prizes of \$1000, \$500, and \$250 Miss Grace Langley, Robert Gibson and Walter Bierman. A fourth prize of \$100 was also given to Miss Victoria Lopez of Puerto Rico. These awards were made in United States Defense Bonds.

Grand Prize winners in the "What Uncle Sam Means To Me" Essay Contest. Chairman of the Defense Commission James R. Nicholson and Grace Langley, Robert Gibson, Walter Bierman and Victoria Lopez.



in National Defense

The Elks in a Defense Role

WITH the appointment of the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission at the Houston Convention in July, 1940, the Order once more embarked on a program to assist the Government in every possible way and to function effectively no matter what emergency might arise. Letters to the President, Secretary of War Stimson and Secretary of the Navy Knox and head of the F.B.I., J. Edgar Hoover, asking how the Order could best serve, brought acknowledgments of grateful appreciation and many helpful suggestions.

Thus a far-reaching program of national defense activities was initiated which would both serve the nation and reflect credit upon the Order. Continuation of the Elks' program of upholding and teaching

Americanism, cooperation with the F.B.I. in reporting treasonable, subversive and fifth column activities, a nation-wide plan to assist in the physical development of the youth of the country, a campaign to extend vocational training in the public schools, the exemption of dues of members called into armed service and the offer of all Elks lodge homes for patriotic purposes were among the first activities recommended to local and state defense committees.

That the membership of the Order has splendidly given of its time, enthusiasm and cooperation is a matter of record.

Milwaukee Lodge No. 46 boosts its "Keep 'Em Flying" program with electric signs calling dramatic attention to a Flying Cadet Rally.



The "Keep 'Em Flying" Program

ONE of the greatest opportunities to be of service to the country came to Elkdom when, at the time of the Grand Lodge Session at Philadelphia, the Adjutant General of the Army, asked that the Elks cooperate in the enlistment of 100,000 candidates for the Aviation Cadet Corps. A highly practical plan for the operation of "refresher courses" for young men deficient in one or more of the educational requirements for admittance to the Air Corps was formulated and details sent to all subordinate lodges.

A special "Keep 'Em Flying" manual containing instructions in formal "refresher course" classes was prepared and soon, through nationwide publicity and the cooperation of Elks and school authorities, thousands of young men were being given

training for admission to the Air Corps. Four hundred subordinate lodges are operating the courses and, according to present plans of the Adjutant General and the Elks War Commission, these will continue to offer preinduction training.

In a letter to Chairman Nicholson, Major General E. S. Adams, Adjutant General, wrote, "On behalf of the War Department, it is my pleasure to express sincere appreciation to you and the Order of Elks for your splendid national defense program and current plan of cooperation in the procurement of army aviation cadets. 'Keep 'Em Flying'."

John Hyde Phillips' "Keep 'Em Flying" poster which has become a familiar symbol of the Elks Defense Program.



candidates recruited by Poughkeepsie Lodge. With them are Exalted Master Joseph C. Kaag, Fred A. Smith and Colonel John F. Daye.



Cadets from the Syracuse, N. Y., "refresher course" with lodge officers and instructors on October 31, 1941, in the lodge rooms.



Defense has become WAR

WITH the infamous Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the quick declaration of war against us by the Axis powers, the signal for complete national unity and the spark to set ablaze a fiery determination to win, there was, as in 1917, instantaneously created a new opportunity for the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks to live up to its record of patriotic service.

Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland telegraphed the President and placed at his disposal the full strength of the Order. A special executive session of the National Defense Commission was called for January 4th in New York and in every subordinate lodge in the land a new fervor to serve was kindled and burst into

flame. Elkdom again was ready to move on the enemy!

The Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission changed its name to the Elks War Commission at its emergency meeting which was attended also by Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland; Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, Rush L. Holland, Bruce A. Campbell, Charles H. Grakelow, John F. Malley, Charles Spencer Hart, Joseph G. Buch, Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters, and J. Ford Zietlow, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

Plans to raise a War Chest to be administered by the War Commission were set in motion and contributions to it were made in the sums of \$25,000 by the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission, \$5,000 by the Elks National Foundation Commission and \$5,000 by

Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878. Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland approved of the War Commission making an appeal to the subordinate lodges for contributions to a war fund for the Order.

Cables were sent to the District Deputies in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Alaska and the Canal Zone offering the facilities of the Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia, as a haven for the duration of the war for children of Elks who might be evacuated from our outlying possessions. Replies of hearty appreciation were received by the War Commission. Nation-wide publicity was given to the plan.

A proclamation to all lodges to hold a "Win the War Week" during the week of March 16 was issued by Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland who also immediately instituted plans for the initiation of a "Win the War Class" during that week.

It was also decided that an inventory of the total potential man-power of the Order be taken and the results of the census made available to the Government.

And thus has Defense become War ... an era, regardless of duration ... during which every Elk will be called upon to serve both his country and the Order in a thousand ways. And it is a certainty that every member will meet his responsibility in keeping with the traditions of the past.



Proclamation By The Grand Exalted Ruler

Whereas, the Elks War Commission, created by the Grand Lodge of this Order to direct our actions in the most constructive and beneficial course in the service of our country in the prosecution of the unjustified war thrust upon us;

I, John S. McClelland, Grand Exalted Ruler of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, do hereby proclaim the week of March 16, 1942, as "Win the War" Week, and do call on all members of the Fraternity in observance thereof, to devote themselves with especial ardor and cooperation with the program of the Elks War Commission, designed and fostered to give our full support to the successful prosecution of our military and civilian objectives, and do hereby call on Elks everywhere—at home and abroad, in the service of their country—to set this week of March 16, 1942, apart for re-dedication of spirit and purpose, to the end that the democratic way of life shall prevail and that with high resolve, as Americans and as members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks, to consecrate our substance and our lives to this ideal.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Grand Lodge, this February 24, 1942.

John S. McClelland
GRAND EXALTED RULER

Whereas, the United States of America is engaged in a world-wide struggle to save from ruthless destruction the freedoms on which this nation was founded and which form the fiber and being of our Americanism; and

Whereas, American manhood has been called to arms to defend with their lives the sacred honor of their country and the people who compose its citizenship; and

Whereas, the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has at all times and under all conditions upheld the highest principles of Americanism, in peace and in war; and

Whereas, during the first World War Elks took an effective and vital part in the prosecution of military aims, cared for the men in the service of their country and contributed materially to their rehabilitation after Armistice had been signed; and

The ON TO VICTORY program

AT NO time in the history of our country have we faced a more serious emergency, a sterner task. There is now before the members of this Order the greatest opportunity to serve their country that has ever been presented to them. The War Commission has geared itself to act with quickness and dispatch to meet whatever requirements may be made of it by the Government—or by war developments—and to recommend plans and methods of cooperation to the individual membership and subordinate lodges throughout the nation. That there will be many developments and ways in which the Order can increasingly serve cannot be doubted, for there are trying days ahead.

The War Commission asks the support of each member of each subordinate lodge to cooperate immediately in the Inventory of Man-Power Plan. To expedite this program the following page of this section of *The Elks Magazine* is devoted to a questionnaire. Every member is asked to fill out the form carefully, and either mail it or take it to the Secretary of his lodge as soon as possible. The facts and figures to be obtained from the inventory will be of inestimable value not only to each locality but to

the War Commission and the United States Government in determining how the Elks may best serve their country at this time when each of us wants to do his utmost to be of service.

The War Commission takes this opportunity to express its appreciation to the entire membership of the Order for the whole-hearted support of its program since its inception in July, 1940.

And with the certainty of continued cooperation for the membership, the War Commission embarks upon a program designed for utmost service to the country—and to the everlasting credit of the Order.

REPRINTS

Since each Elk is asked to cut this page from the Special War Section of the Magazine, fill out the questionnaire on the next page and send it immediately to his Secretary, a limited number of reprints of this eight-page section are available to those who may wish to retain the full section. A postcard request with your name and address sent to Elks War Commission, 292 Madison Ave., New York City, is all that is necessary to obtain your reprint copy.

Through the cooperation of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission the Elks War Commission which, until January 4, 1942 was the Elks National Defense and Public Relations Commission, is enabled to publish this special eight-page War Section of *The Elks Magazine*. In it is a brief resume of the activities of the Elks in World War I, a review of the defense activities of subordinate lodges, State Associations and the Defense Commission since July, 1940, and the 1942 program of the War Commission.

On the back page is a questionnaire which the War Commission requests every member of the Order to fill out and send to the Secretary of his lodge at once, so that a complete inventory of the man-power of the Elks may be had in the shortest possible time.

The War Commission hopes that this Special Section may be of lasting interest to all Elks and that it may serve as inspiration to each, to the end that the magnificent achievements of the Order in World War I may be duplicated or outstripped.

ELKS WAR COMMISSION

James R. Nicholson CHAIRMAN
James T. Hallinan VICE-CHAIRMAN
Edward J. McCormick SECRETARY
Henry Warner
Michael F. Shannon
David Sholtz
John S. McClelland

Members of the new Elks War Commission, left to right—Vice Chairman James T. Hallinan, Justice of the Supreme Court of New York; David Sholtz, former Governor of Florida; Dr. Edward J. McCormick of Toledo, Secretary; Grand Exalted Ruler Judge John S. McClelland of Atlanta; James R. Nicholson of New York, Chairman; Henry Warner of Dixon, Ill., and Michael F. Shannon of Los Angeles.

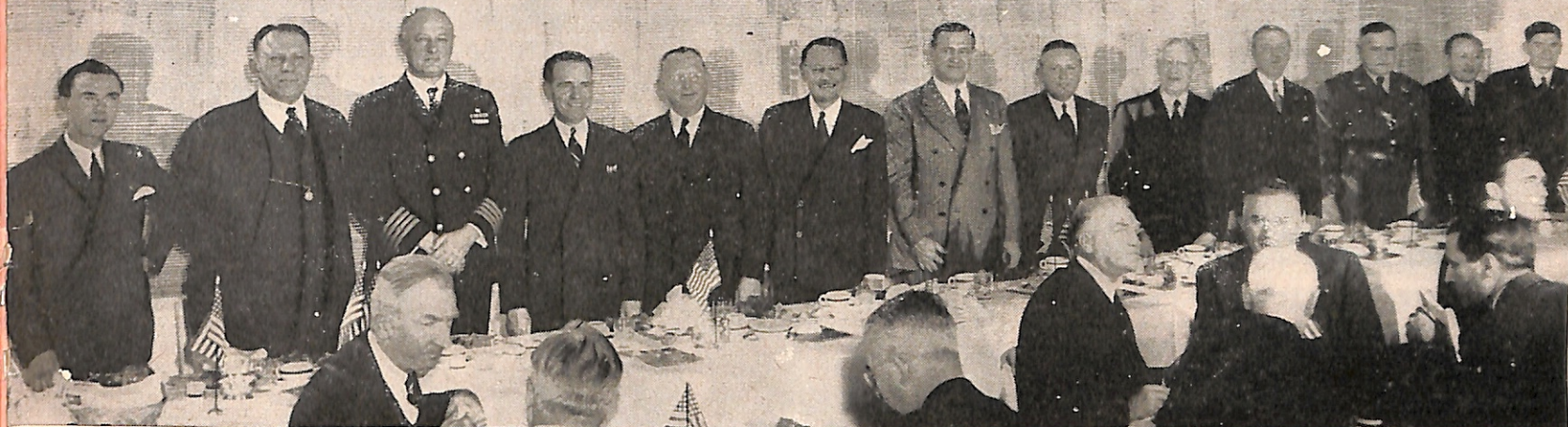


TEAR HERE

Fill out completely and deliver or mail to the Secretary of your Lodge!



HELLO AMERICA



Above are some of those distinguished Elks who were present on the occasion of the visit of Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland to Long Beach, Calif., Lodge.

GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

A PLEASANT surprise awaited Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, flying to the State of Washington, when a fueling stop was made at Butte, Mont. He was greeted

by E.R. James E. O'Neil and other officers and members of Butte Lodge No. 240 who had remained at the airport for more than two hours in the bitter cold to meet him. Bad flying weather had

delayed the plane and the visit was of necessity a short one, but it was greatly appreciated by Judge McClelland.

The Grand Exalted Ruler and his party, consisting of Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Mrs. Masters, of Chicago, J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Grand Esquire John E. Drummey, of Seattle, arrived in Seattle, Wash., on Friday morning, November 28. They were greeted by a large delegation of members of Seattle Lodge No. 92, headed by E.R. John J. Sullivan, and escorted to their quarters in the Olympic Hotel where a breakfast was given in their honor by the officers of the lodge. Later in the morning, Judge McClelland called upon the widow of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter F. Meier. Mrs. Meier, the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party were guests of Seattle Lodge at a luncheon in the Olympic Hotel. After the luncheon, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by those who attended, together with the lodge officers, members and friends of Mr. Meier, went to the cemetery where



Left: Dalton, Ga., Elks are shown with Judge McClelland as they received him when he visited them recently.

Below: Tulsa, Okla., Elks at a banquet for the Grand Exalted Ruler.





Above is a large number of Fort Worth, Tex., Elks who were present at a banquet tendered to Judge McClelland.

a brief memorial service was held at Mr. Meier's grave upon which Judge McClelland placed a beautiful floral wreath.

Later in the afternoon, the Grand Exalted Ruler and the members of his party attended a reception at the home of Ballard, Wash., Lodge, No. 827. E.R. J. J. Ryan welcomed the visitors and an informal get-together was enjoyed with the Ballard members, after which the party returned to Seattle. An elaborate banquet, held at the Olympic Hotel in honor of the Grand Exalted Ruler, was attended by visiting officers and members of surrounding lodges and Past Exalted Rulers and officers of Seattle Lodge. After the banquet, a meeting was held in the lodge home presided over by E.R. John J. Sullivan. The meeting was addressed by Judge McClelland and short talks were made by Grand Secretary Masters, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. Drummey and D.D. Lester H. Campbell, of Port Townsend Lodge.

That night the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party entrained for Portland, Ore., where the next morning they were met at the station by a delegation headed by E.R. Albert M. Hodler of Portland Lodge No. 142, P.E.R. Frank J. Lonergan, former Chief Justice of the Grand Forum and Chairman of the Portland 1942 Convention Committee, D.D. C. B. Mudd, Salem Lodge, and P.D.D. Charles C. Bradley, a member of

Below: The Grand Exalted Ruler is shown with many Grand Lodge Officers and members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge at a banquet tendered to him by that body.



Above: Judge McClelland purchases tickets from two of the candidates who were vying to rule Seattle, Wash., Lodge's "Hawaiian Nights Charity Show."

Below: Judge McClelland is shown at Portland, Ore., Lodge with J. Ford Zietlow, J. Frank Lonergan, J. Edgar Masters and John E. Drummey.





Above: Many prominent members of Bakersfield, Calif., Lodge greet the Grand Exalted Ruler and his distinguished party.



Left are some of Judge McClelland's entourage, who were present with him at a dinner given by Galveston, Tex., Lodge.

the Convention Committee. At the Multnomah Hotel, the officers of Portland Lodge were hosts at a breakfast in honor of the visitors, after which Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow and Mr. Drummey, with members of the Convention Committee, held a conference for the purpose of discussing details of the Grand Lodge Convention at Portland next July. That afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler, the Grand Secretary, the Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and the Grand Esquire, accompanied by Mr. Lonergan, Mr. Mudd, Mr. Bradley and other distinguished Elks, left Portland for a visit to Salem, Ore., Lodge, No. 336. Upon their arrival they were met by a delegation which included E.R. Laban A. Steeves, Secretary Harry J. Wiedmer, D.D.'s W. M. Dodge, of Ashland Lodge, C. B. Mudd, Salem, and J. H. Peare,

LaGrande Lodge, and R. H. Windishar, McMinnville, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee. The party was taken on a tour of the beautiful capitol building of the State of Oregon. From the capitol the visitors were escorted to the Marion Hotel. In the well filled banquet room, they received the State's official greetings from Governor Charles A. Sprague and the City's welcome from Mayor W. W. Chadwick. The ceremonies were presided over by Mr. Lonergan. Dr. Steeves, E.R. of Salem Lodge, introduced the visiting dignitaries. After the banquet the party retired to the lodge room where officers and members of the Oregon lodges, who had assembled from within a radius of more than 300 miles, were present to greet the Grand Exalted Ruler. Many Exalted Rulers attended. An inspiring talk was made by

Judge McClelland and brief messages were delivered by Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. Drummey and Mr. Lonergan. Bellingham, Wash., Lodge and Portland, Astoria, Tillamook, McMinnville, Corvallis, Albany, Roseburg, Medford, Ashland, Grants Pass, Bend, The Dalles and Pendleton, Ore., Lodges, were represented.

On Sunday afternoon, November 30th, the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. Drummey, Mr. Lonergan, Mr. Bradley and other prominent Elks, made a visitation to Vancouver, Wash., Lodge, No. 823, where they were greeted by E.R. P. M. Kane, and Judge McClelland and his party were guests at a party attended by members of the lodge and their wives. A most enjoyable time was had. Introduced by Mr. Kane, the Grand Exalted Ruler made a short talk. Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. Drummey and Mr. Lonergan were presented and made brief responses. The party then returned to Portland for further conferences regarding the forthcoming convention.

On December 2, Judge McClelland, Mr. and Mrs. Masters and Mr. Zietlow arrived at Davis, California, fourteen miles west of Sacramento, shortly before noon and were met by E.R. A. R.



Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler, Mr. Zietlow and Mr. Masters are greeted by a large group of Compton, Calif., Lodge members.

Below: Some of the most prominent members of the Order in the West were present at Sacramento, Calif., Lodge when Judge McClelland was their guest.





Above: Some of Oregon's most notable citizens greet the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party at Salem, Ore., Lodge.

Right: Mr. Zietlow, Judge McClelland and Mr. Masters with several of their hosts at Albuquerque, N. Mex., Lodge.



Perkins, D.D. Alex Ashen and J. Fred Misphey, Chairman of the Board of Trustees of the California State Elks Association, all of Sacramento Lodge No. 6. A party from the California Bay District joined with the Elks of the California North District in welcoming the Grand Exalted Ruler's party to their State. The Bay delegation was headed by Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees Fred B. Mellmann, of Oakland, District Deputy Edward E. Keller, San Mateo, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council Homer F. Potter, San Francisco, and President of the California State Elks Association Donald K. Quayle, of Alameda. The party, led by a white car of the California Highway Patrol, proceeded to Sacramento where they were met at the home of Sacramento Lodge by a reception committee consisting of Judges Peter J. Shields, Malcolm C. Glenn, Dal M. Lemmon and Raymond T. Coughlin of the Sacramento County Superior Court, and Justice of the Peace Percy G. West, all members of No. 6. The Grand Exalted Ruler and his suite were then escorted to the festive board at which the pièce de résistance served was wild duck and wild rice, an especially delectable dish in the Sacramento

community where a great many wild ducks spend the winter. The ducks were provided by Ralph Francis of Sacramento Lodge, "Grand Duck Provider". The title was bestowed upon him by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Murray Hulbert upon the occasion of his official visit to No. 6 as Grand Exalted Ruler. After he had partaken of the California delicacy, Judge McClelland appointed Mr. Francis to the rank of "Grand Duck Provider for the Grand Exalted Ruler". In the afternoon, Judge McClelland was taken on a tour of the city after which he returned to his hotel where a series of meetings were held with leaders of the Order in California. At 6:30 p. m., 120 officers and Past Exalted Rulers of the eleven lodges of the District gathered in the auditorium of the home of Sacramento Lodge to enjoy a dinner with the dis-

tinguished visitors. Afterward a meeting, attended by more than 400 Elks, was held in the lodge room, every lodge in the District being well represented. The Exalted Ruler, Mr. Perkins, presented Mr. Mellmann who then introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler. Judge McClelland gave a splendid delineation of the principles of the Order. Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow and Mr. Quayle made brief talks. On the following morning, the delegation from the Bay District, which had made the trip to Sacramento in automobiles, escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party to San Francisco for his visit to San Francisco Lodge No. 3, reported in last month's issue of the Magazine.

On Thursday, December 4, Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters and Mr. Zietlow were pleasantly surprised when D.D. (Continued on page 63)

Right: Judge McClelland greets E.R. Homer L. Duffy of Pomona, Calif., Lodge while Grand Est. Lead. Knight George Hastings, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, J. Ford Zietlow, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters look on.



Below: Judge McClelland is shown with a group of Elks when he attended a session of the Missouri State Elks Assn.





Left is shown the presentation of the Colors to one of the first regiments of the Civilian Defense Corps of the United States at Tacoma, Wash. E.R. Kenneth M. Kennell is presenting the Flag to Col. Bert Bradley.

News of Subordinate Lodges Throughout the Order

lodge hall, there are reading rooms, a ladies' lounge and subsidiary rooms for lodge use and social affairs.

Hillsboro, O., Lodge Presents a Valuable Gift to Local Hospital

Hillsboro, O., Lodge, No. 361, presented to the Hillsboro Hospital recently a modern delivery table with full equipment. It was accepted on behalf of the hospital by Miss Mary Musser, superintendent, and Mrs. Edith Mowbray, head day nurse.

Participating in the ceremonies were E.R. Floyd Gabriel, D.D. John W. Schuller, and Lionell Rhoads, Chairman, and L. W. Hilliard and P.E.R. C. H. Stevenson, members, of the Presentation Committee. When the need of this particular piece of equipment for the maternity ward at the hospital became known to the Elks, they appointed the committee to handle the purchase.

Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge Is a Sponsor of Navy Booster Rally

Under the joint sponsorship of Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge, No. 86, and the local navy recruiting station, Indiana's first Navy booster meeting was held, on January 14, in the State Teachers College gymnasium. A concert by the Wiley High School Band and the Elks' Chanters and an interesting exhibition of navy equipment preceded the program. Every seat in the gymnasium was occupied and all available standing room was filled. E.R. Charles S. Hickman extended greetings and also paid special honor to the 350 mothers of men in the navy who sat together in a reserved section.

Addresses were made by P.E.R. John M. Fitzgerald, representing Terre Haute Lodge of Elks, and Lieutenant Commander Grover B. Turner, U.S.N.R. The outstanding event of the evening was the enlistment and the induction into the United States Navy of young Aurel Reynolds. The Elks' Chanters sang patriotic songs in low undertone during the ceremonies.

Eighty of the Elks' ladies have registered to form an American Red Cross unit, meeting two days a week in the lodge home. Members of the unit signed up for classes in sewing, knitting, first aid, motor corps training and home nursing. They also planned a victory drive for the sale of defense bonds and stamps.

Y. A. Jacques, E.R. of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, Is Dead

Members of San Diego, Calif., Lodge, No. 168, were grief-stricken to learn of

Ishpeming, Mich., Lodge Opens Its Handsome New Home

A banquet, an initiation and the official visit of D.D. Ira R. West, of Marquette Lodge, marked the opening of the new home of Ishpeming, Mich., Lodge, No. 447. An "I Am an Ameri-

can Class" of 36 candidates was initiated in honor of P.E.R. Gust W. Swanson who has been an active member of the lodge for 28 years.

The new home, formerly a hotel, has been completely remodeled. It is a two-story structure, conveniently located in the business section. In addition to the



Left: Pictured entering the U. S. Army Recruiting office in New York City are 26 young men recruited for the Army Air Corps by Mt. Vernon, N. Y., Lodge.



Above are Lima, Ohio, Lodge officers and D.D. Karl Rumpf on the occasion of Mr. Rumpf's official visit to the Lodge. Lima Lodge initiated 17 candidates and purchased \$25,000 worth of Defense Bonds.

Right: E.R. A. D. Deas, Sr., of Augusta, Ga., Lodge presents a U. S. Defense Bond to Carl T. Sanders, Jr., as his award for "The Most Valuable Player" of the Academy of Richmond County Football Team.



the sudden death of their Exalted ruler, Y. A. Jacques, as the result of a heart attack. Mr. Jacques, one of San Diego's most prominent attorneys, suffered the attack on January 22 as he was walking to the courthouse and died before medical aid could be summoned. He was 58 years of age.

P.E.R. Robert E. Neiman, assisted by other Past Exalted Rulers, officiated at the services conducted by the lodge.

Plaque Honoring Memory of Will Rogers Is a Gift from the Elks

With simple dignity, a bronze plaque, attesting that Will Rogers was a member of the Order of Elks, having been initiated in 1910, was unveiled at the Will Rogers Memorial at Claremore, Okla., on January 18. Introduced by Governor Leon C. Phillips, P.E.R. of Bristow Lodge No. 1614, Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland delivered the brief dedication address. Governor Phillips was also a speaker.

Grand Treasurer George M. McLean,

Right are ten Sergeants out of the Recruiting office who recently joined Atlanta, Ga., Lodge on the occasion of the visit of D.D. H. G. McSpadden.

Below are some of those Elks who were present at the official visit of D.D. Ira R. West to Ishpeming, Mich., Lodge.

of El Reno, Okla., Lodge, presented the plaque to N. G. Henthorne, Editor of the *Tulsa Daily World* and Chairman of the Will Rogers Memorial Commission. D. H. Perry, of Enid Lodge, Pres. of the Okla. State Elks Assn., presided over the program which was carried by Stations KTUL and KOMA. The Drill Team from Tulsa Lodge No. 946 participated and music was furnished by a military band. Among those present were D.D. Theodore R. Graves, of Blackwell, First State Vice-Pres. John M. Collin, Shawnee, and P.D.D. Ralph K. Robertson, of Sapulpa, Okla., Lodge, Chairman of the Committee which raised the funds for the plaque. Mem-

bers of the Order all over the country, as well as in Oklahoma contributed.

Judge McClelland was the guest of Tulsa Lodge at a dinner-dance the preceding evening. He was introduced by E.R. R. R. Rhine. The large number of distinguished Oklahoma Elks present, including Mr. McLean, Mr. Perry and P.E.R. E. A. Guise, of Tulsa Lodge, D.D. for Okla., East, were addressed by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

The Elks Charity Stage Shows Held Annually at Santa Monica, Calif.

Every winter for the past twenty-five years, Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge,





Above: At Jersey City, N. J., Lodge are those who were present when Past State Pres. Francis P. Boland initiated a large class of candidates. Among the candidates was Mr. Boland's son, Sergeant Frank Boland.



Left are members of Hillsboro, Ohio, Lodge shown as they presented a delivery table to the local hospital.

No. 906, has sponsored a charity stage show with a cast whose combined professional earnings run into thousands of dollars for just a two-hour period. From the very beginning, the shows quickly attracted the attention and won the support of film and footlight favorites who, true to the tradition of their profession, volunteered their time and talent that the performances might be pleasing to patrons and successful financially.

With the wholehearted cooperation of the world's largest motion picture

studios and the nation's leading broadcasting companies, and with the participation of stars of stage, screen and radio, the Elks Christmas Cheer stage shows present an array of acts and offerings which under any other conditions would be impossible to assemble. The late Will Rogers never failed to take part except when absent from the west coast. A roster of participants would be a veritable Blue Book of the entertainment world. Even the trying and difficult conditions under which the 1941 show was staged—the black-out

period immediately after the Pearl Harbor attack—could not keep the stars from donating their services or the public from attending. "Big names" attracted a large audience, but to the Elks the performers were just regular men and women with understanding and sympathetic hearts.

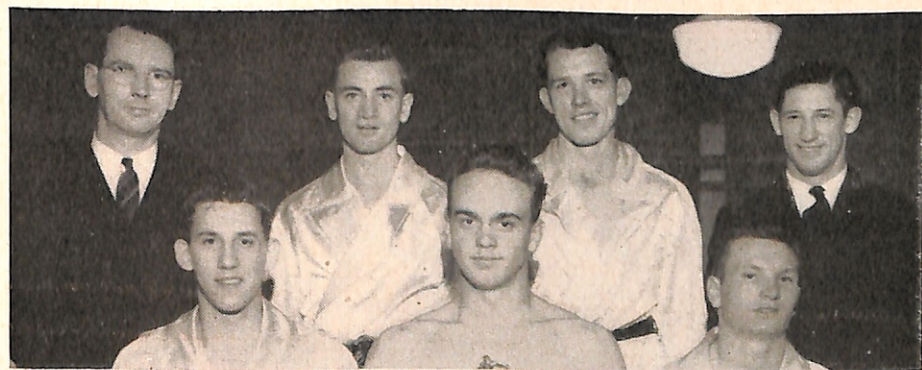
Along with a systematic holiday relief plan, Santa Monica Lodge operates a "Christmas Clearing House" which serves as a central headquarters for approximately 150 welfare and charity organizations in the communities within the lodge's jurisdiction. The participating agencies file applications with the Clearing House, a complete card index is set up and the files for each year are retained for reference. To catch duplications, current applications are checked carefully and all cases are thoroughly investigated. The value of the system is shown in a summary, made by P.E.R. G. I. Wallace, in which it is stated that this year duplications, and in some instances triplications, were about 40 per cent. By detecting and eliminating these, scores of families, who otherwise would have gone hungry, were provided for. Before the Clearing House was set up, it was not extraordinary for some one to receive from ten to twenty baskets of food, which meant that others more destitute and far more deserving were deprived of help.

Huge Patriotic Project Inspires Efforts of Oak Park, Ill., Elks

The Treasury Department has selected Oak Park, Ill., Lodge, No. 1295, as official headquarters for the sale of Defense Bonds and Stamps. Before the last of January \$100,000 worth had been sold, a fine result, but only the beginning; a million dollars by April 1 was the goal set when the lodge began its

Above, left, are members of the Marshalltown, Ia., Elks boxing team which won the Golden Gloves Trophy at Fort Dodge recently.

Left is the Flying Cadet Class, recruited and sponsored by Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge. It is known as the General Mitchell Unit.



Right is Boy Scout Troop No. 2, sponsored by Grass Valley, Calif., Lodge, which put on an entertainment for the local fraternal group. In return, the Elks presented them with purple neckerchiefs.

Below, right, is the orchestra of Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge which has been prominent in that body's many social activities.

campaign early in the winter.

The lodge's bond and stamp sale campaign was sponsored by its Community Welfare Committee which organized the members and local merchants and enlisted the aid of school children. The children were registered in a selling contest to run from January 15 to the middle of this month, winners to receive cash prizes totaling approximately \$500. The lodge is bearing the expense of insertion of two full-page newspaper advertisements, costing approximately \$250, and numerous miscellaneous expenses which bring the total to almost \$1,000. Both the campaign and the contest for school children were received with intense enthusiasm in the community.

New Castle, Pa., Elks Give a Dinner Honoring Judge Lamoree

Members of New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, gave a testimonial dinner recently at the lodge home in honor of Judge John G. Lamoree, attended also by the lodge officers. The dining room was filled to capacity. E.R. Verne R. Carr introduced the Toastmaster, Ivor V. Davis, who reviewed the lodge's history. Judge Lamoree was presented with a handsome wrist watch.

Eighteen members of the Flying Cadet Corps, sponsored by No. 69, have already gone into service, and many more are in training.

State Vice-Pres. A. A. Scully Visits Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge

Ambrose A. Scully, Vice-Pres. of the N. Y. State Elks Assn. for the N. E. District, made his homecoming visit to Cohoes Lodge No. 1317 on January 18.

Right is a group of prominent Minneapolis, Minn., Elks at their annual Harvest Night.

Below is a photograph taken on the occasion of the burning of the mortgage on the home of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge. Many prominent Massachusetts Elks were present.

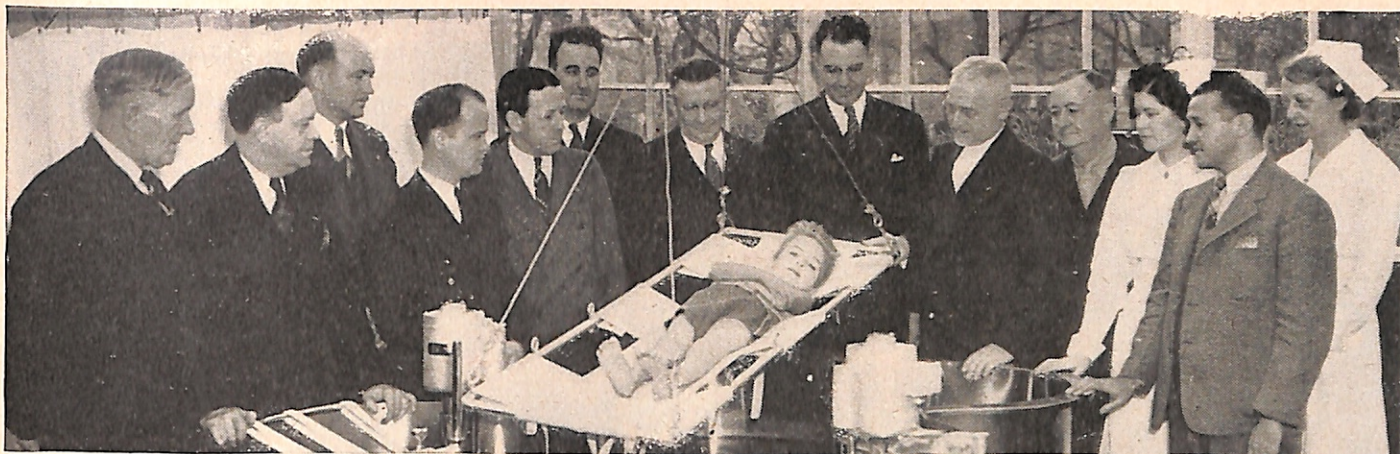


Seven new members were initiated in his honor. After the ceremonies, a banquet was held in the lodge home. P.E.R. Edward M. Smith, a former Vice-President of the State Association, was Toastmaster.

Addressing the more than 200 Elks in attendance, Mr. Scully described the charity and patriotic work carried on by the Order. E.R. Arthur A. Newell was in charge of the initiatory ceremonies. Speakers at the banquet included Past State Pres.'s Leo W. Roo-

han, Saratoga, George W. Denton, Gloversville, and Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico, Troy, and also Peter A. Buchheim, Albany, Chairman of the State Board of Trustees. D.D. John J. Sweeney of Troy, City Judge, was present. The committee on arrangements was headed by P.D.D. Homer A. Tessier. Visiting Elks attending represented Saratoga, Gloversville, Plattsburg, Glens Falls, Hudson, Troy, Oneida, Albany and Watervliet, N. Y., Lodges.





Above are members of Birmingham, Ala., Lodge as they presented a \$2,500 therapy tank to the Crippled Children's Clinic.

Right are prominent defense heads who were present at the midwinter meeting at Council Bluffs, Ia., Lodge of all the lodges in Iowa and Nebraska. Second from right is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner.



Quarterly Meeting of N. D. State Elks Assn. Is Held at Jamestown

At the quarterly meeting of the North Dakota State Elks Association held at Jamestown, all of the North Dakota lodges were reported to be in splendid condition and looking forward to an increase in membership. Crippled children work was discussed and an allocation was made of \$3,000 with which to furnish the physio-therapy room of the Jamestown Crippled Children's School, including a new Hubbard tank.

State Pres. Sam Stern, of Fargo Lodge, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, presided at the meeting. D.D. John A. Graham, of Bismarck Lodge, outlined the Grand Exalted Ruler's program for the year. Arrangements were made for a meeting of all of the Defense Committee chairmen with the officers in charge of recruiting in their respective territories. This has been held as scheduled, with a one hundred per cent attendance.

Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

A Stag Send-Off Dinner Is Given By Chippewa Falls, Wis., Lodge

One hundred and sixty members of Chippewa Falls, Wis., Lodge, No. 1326, assembled in the lodge hall recently to pay their respects at a banquet to the members, and sons and brothers of members, who were soon to leave for

Right: Shown at an important initiatory meeting of Fargo, N. D., Lodge are prominent Elks who are active in the business affairs of the group. Second from right is State Pres. Sam Stern, a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee.

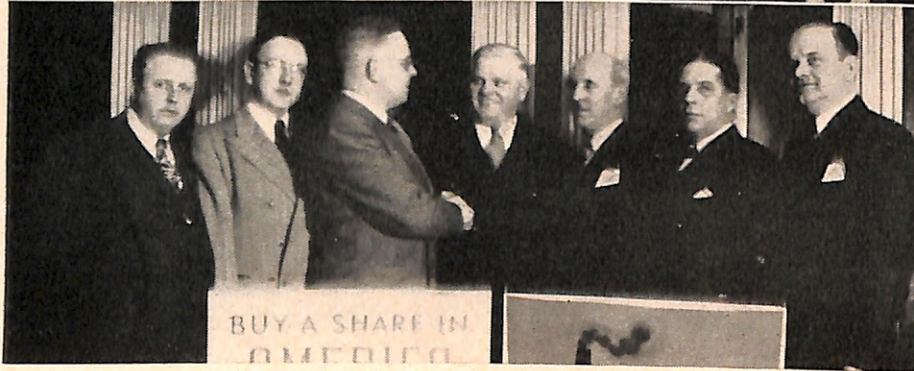


At bottom is the Ritualistic Team of Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, which has been extremely active throughout the season in bringing new members into the Order.





Above are Elks of East Stroudsburg, Pa., Lodge and a class of candidates they initiated in honor of the official visit of D.D. Frank S. La Bar.



Left are officers and committee members of Oak Park, Ill., Lodge who were present at the inauguration of the Defense Bond and Stamp Campaign.

service in various departments of the United States defense forces. The fifteen honor guests were presented with gifts including billfolds with their names engraved thereon.

Brief but eloquent talks were made during the dinner. The principal speakers were Judge Dayton E. Cook and Captain Bert Godfrey.

Winthrop, Mass., Elks Burn the Mortgage on Their Lodge Home

Burning the mortgage on its beautiful home was an outstanding event in the history of Winthrop, Mass., Lodge, No. 1078. Nearly 300 local members attended the ceremonies, which were held in the spacious auditorium, and the sumptuous banquet which preceded them. E.R. David P. Harrigan was Toastmaster. The lodge officers and members of the committee were seated at the head table. A special table was reserved for the Past Exalted Rulers, seventeen of whom were present, and another for the eight charter members who attended. Fred A. Baumeister, Chairman, and J. Thomas Butler, John P. Riley and John J. Gallagher, members of the committee in charge of arrangements, were congratulated upon the success of the occasion.

Brendan J. Keenan, Chairman of the

El Reno, Okla., Lodge Presents Grand Treasurer George M. McLean For Reelection

El Reno, Oklahoma Lodge, No. 743, announces that it has endorsed the candidacy of Past Exalted Ruler George M. McLean, Past Grand Esquire, for reelection as Grand Treasurer. Mr. McLean is serving his first term as Grand Treasurer and has performed all the duties of his office with the highest degree of efficiency.

A committee, the members of which are the 19 Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, has been appointed by El Reno Lodge with William L. Fogg as Chairman to act in the presentation of the Grand Treasurer's candidacy at the Grand Lodge Convention in Portland, Oregon, this coming July.

Auditing Committee, gave a résumé of the progress of the lodge since its institution in 1907. Mr. Harrigan, the Exalted Ruler, Fred A. Baumeister, Secretary, and John W. Sampson,

Below is the Ritualistic Team of Virginia City, Mont., Lodge which was ritualistic champion of the Montana State Elks Assn.

Anaheim, Calif., Elks Stage Old-Timers Baseball Game for Charity

The most recent of the annual charity carnivals sponsored by Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345, was an outstanding success. More than 750 baseball fans, all anticipation, took their seats early in the stands at La Palma Stadium, for the carnival is a wonderful show, featured by a game played by the former "Greats" of baseball. No track was kept of the score or the innings—the all-important thing was "who was there". Judging from the register, performers and spectators represented a million dollars worth of baseball talent.

Before the game, Dan Tobey, famous west coast sports announcer, introduced the old-timers as they paraded before the mike. The Elks put up turkey prizes and gave away three autographed balls. Cash donations as well as gate receipts swelled the lodge's charity fund.

Ithaca, N. Y., Elks Visit Scout Troop Sponsored by Their Lodge

For the first time since Ithaca, N. Y., Lodge, No. 636, took over the sponsorship of the Reconstruction Home Boy



Scout Troop 20, members of the lodge were guests of the scouts at their own annual dinner. About 40 attended. In other years, the Elks were the hosts.

J. Lawrence Smith, Scoutmaster for the past eight years and Cubmaster of the troop's pack since its organization, introduced Scout Commissioner Carl Vail, who presented the troop charters to E.R. Charles D. Tinker who in turn presented them to Rollin Gray, Chairman of the Troop Committee. The scouts gave a demonstration of their expertness in first aid and other scouting activities. Scoutmaster Smith was presented by L. J. Gaurnier, a member of the lodge, superintendent of the Home and organizer and first scoutmaster of the troop, with a gift from the Elks, a plaque expressing appreciation of his loyal service. Since it was organized in 1928, the troop has been active and more than 100 boys have been trained in scouting.

Bradford, Pa., Lodge Expands Its Welfare and Patriotic Activities

The Social and Community Welfare Committee of Bradford, Pa., Lodge, No. 234, reports that a new branch of the work has been added, the furnishing of shoes, rubbers and stockings to underprivileged children of the community. The first distribution supplied 146 children with shoes and stockings and also arctics for the winter months. The main welfare activity is a tonsil clinic at which more than 500 children have had their tonsils removed, with all expense being borne by the lodge.

Bradford Lodge has accepted with enthusiasm new responsibilities of patriotic leadership. It began its bond buying with the purchase of three \$1,000 Defense Bonds, and answered the emergency appeal made by the Red Cross with a donation of \$100. Use of the lodge rooms weekly was offered to the Red Cross for study groups.

Generosity of Local Elks Supplies Petaluma, California, with Plasma

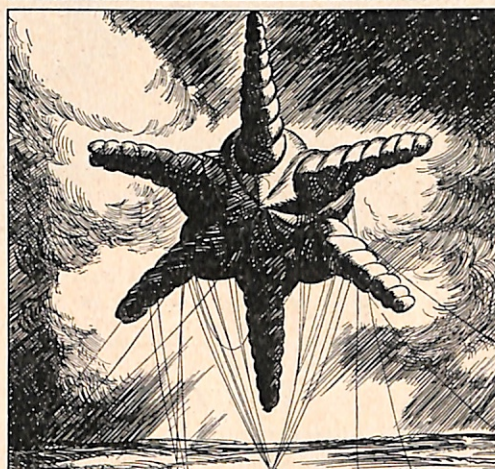
By virtue of a resolution passed at the last regular meeting in 1941 by Petaluma, Calif., Lodge, No. 901, the Petaluma General Hospital is in possession of a supply of blood plasma. Money derived from the Elks' Fall Charity Carnival was used for the purchase. Esteemed Leading Knight Emmett Dado, Chairman of the lodge's Social and Community Welfare Committee, announced that the plasma would be available to anyone and furnished free to those unable to pay.

A Banquet and a Public Meeting Are Held at Fargo, N. D., Lodge

Three hundred North Dakota Elks attended a banquet held in the home of Fargo Lodge No. 260 followed by a public meeting. All of the ten lodges of the State were represented by members of the State National Defense Committee of which P.E.R. Robert W. Palda, of Minot Lodge, is Chairman. Many citizens of Fargo attended the meeting.

Addresses made by Colonel Madison and his aides were accompanied by the showing of appropriate moving pictures. After the general lecture, the Colonel answered questions made by more than 60 prospective Flying Cadets and the State Committee discussed and adopted ideas of procedure for a State-wide set-up to obtain young men for the U. S. Army Aviation Cadet Corps.

WONDERS OF AMERICA Aerial Octopus!

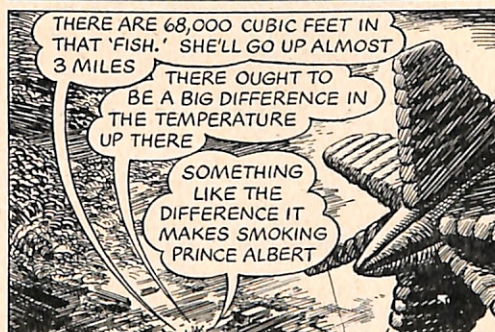


AMERICA'S STRATO-SENTINEL, WORLD'S MOST EFFICIENT WAR BALLOON... NOTE MOORING CABLES FOR INTERCEPTING ENEMY WAR PLANES



WHAT'S INSIDE THE BALLOON?

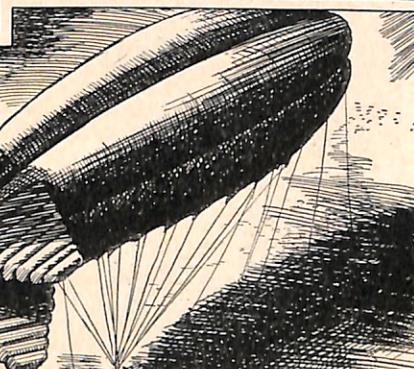
HELIUM GAS. THERE ARE HOLES IN THE FINS. AIR GOES IN OR OUT AS THE GAS EXPANDS OR CONTRACTS



THERE ARE 68,000 CUBIC FEET IN THAT 'FISH.' SHE'LL GO UP ALMOST 3 MILES

THERE OUGHT TO BE A BIG DIFFERENCE IN THE TEMPERATURE UP THERE

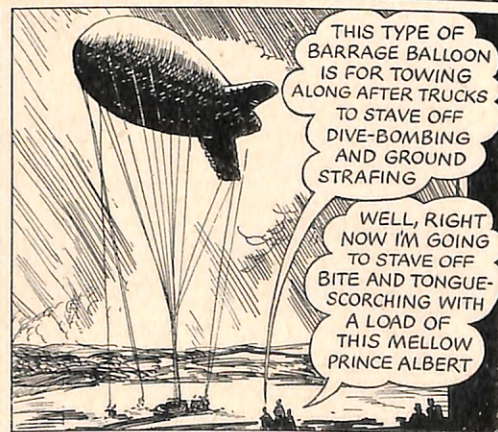
SOMETHING LIKE THE DIFFERENCE IT MAKES SMOKING PRINCE ALBERT



IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, PRINCE ALBERT BURNED

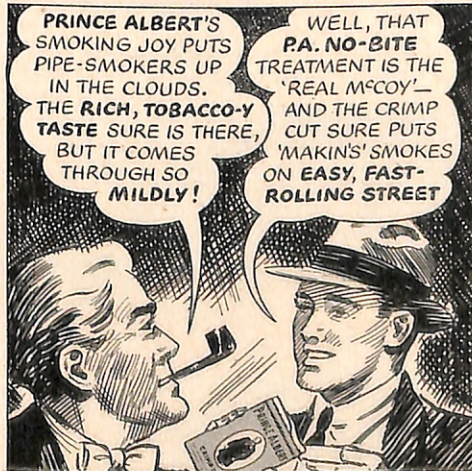
86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED — COOLEST OF ALL!



THIS TYPE OF BARRAGE BALLOON IS FOR TOWING ALONG AFTER TRUCKS TO STAVE OFF DIVE-BOMBING AND GROUND STRAFING

WELL, RIGHT NOW I'M GOING TO STAVE OFF BITE AND TONGUE-SCORCHING WITH A LOAD OF THIS MELLOW PRINCE ALBERT



PRINCE ALBERT'S SMOKING JOY PUTS PIPE-SMOKERS UP IN THE CLOUDS.

THE RICH, TOBACCO-Y TASTE SURE IS THERE, BUT IT COMES THROUGH SO MILDLY!

WELL, THAT PA. NO-BITE TREATMENT IS THE 'REAL MCCOY' — AND THE CRIMP CUT SURE PUTS 'MAKIN'S' SMOKES ON EASY, FAST-ROLLING STREET

50

PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE



Above are those who were present when members of Sycamore, Ill., Lodge presented to a local hospital an infant respirator.

Membership of Fargo, N. D., Lodge Is Increased by Class Initiation

In accordance with a traditional custom, Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260, held an initiatory meeting on the first day of the new year. Twenty new members were inducted into the lodge. Lynn U. Stambaugh, National Commander of the American Legion, was the principal speaker. Talks were made also by Sam Stern, Pres. of the N. D. State Elks Assn. and a member of the Grand Lodge Activities Committee, Grand Chaplain the Rev. P. H. McGeough, of Valley City, N. D., Lodge, E.R. Frank W. Luessen, Valley City, and E.R. Howard A. DeLong of Gloversville, N. Y., a former resident of Grand Forks, N. D.

A full day of activity was climaxed with a dinner for all the members. Entertainment by a group of professionals was featured on a program which included a dance on the preceding evening, a breakfast on Thursday morning and a luncheon at noon.

Newport, R. I., Lodge Is Active In Work of Major Importance

Use of its lodge hall has been given by Newport, R. I., Lodge, No. 104, for first aid classes four nights a week. Use of rooms for an emergency hospital has also been offered by the lodge. The purchase of \$7,000 worth of Defense Bonds, a donation of \$100 for Refresher Course classes and another of \$50 to the city to be spent on the City Hospital, a sizable purchase of Defense Stamps, the erection of defense signs in six different places and the installation of an air raid telephone in the lodge home, are evidences of the patriotic and welfare endeavors to which Newport Lodge has turned its attention in recent months.

Many Lodges Buy Defense Bonds

PROMOTION of national defense by the subordinate lodges of the Order gathers momentum as month follows month. North Dakota's ten lodges have purchased more than \$100,000 worth of Defense Bonds, and every secretary has on hand a supply of Defense Stamps for sale to members. One of the smaller lodges, St. Joseph, Mo., Lodge, No. 40, was one of the first to purchase Bonds—\$10,000 worth last May and another \$10,000 worth on July 31, 1941. Perry, Ia., Lodge, No. 407, holds \$15,000 worth of Bonds.

Having purchased \$10,000 worth of Defense Bonds, New Castle, Pa., Lodge, No. 69, voted to invest in others from time to time. LaFayette, Ind., Lodge, No. 143, voted to invest the \$10,000 balance in its treasury in a Defense Bond. Thereafter, the cash on hand was to be checked each month and additional purchases made. At a special meeting, Claremont, N. H., Lodge, No. 879, voted to sponsor a \$10,000 issue through its members and their families during the present year.

National Defense Bonds in the amount of \$14,000 have been bought by Eureka, Calif., Lodge, No. 652, and a contribution of \$250 has been made to the Red Cross. The lodge is also cooper-

ating in the National Defense Program with the work it is doing to "Keep 'Em Flying".

Lima, O., Lodge, No. 54, has purchased Defense Bonds in the amount of \$25,000. Ames, Ia., Lodge, No. 1626, has bought \$11,100 worth, Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642, \$10,000 worth, Middlesboro, Ky., Lodge, No. 119, \$2,000 worth, and Knoxville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 160, \$5,000 worth. Knoxville Lodge also donated \$100 to the Red Cross.

All money received in initiation fees from the 63 members of its Defense Class is going toward the purchase of Defense Bonds by Fort Morgan, Colo., Lodge, No. 1143. Webster, Mass., Lodge, No. 1466, has bought five \$1,000 Bonds. Steubenville, O., Lodge, No. 231, invested \$4,000 in Defense Bonds before war was declared and has organized a "Stamp-a-Day Club" which has been netting \$100 a day. As the stamp books are filled, the club manager converts them into bonds for the members. At a January meeting of Cedar Rapids, Ia., Lodge, No. 251, the sum of \$1,500 was appropriated for an ambulance for the American Red Cross. Also in January, Meadville, Pa., Lodge, No. 219, voted the purchase of a \$10,000 Defense Bond.

Below are some of those who attended a banquet held by Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge for newly initiated Elks.



They'll "Remember Pearl Harbor"

(Continued from page 28)

muttering, "These damned Japs. Those damned Japs."

Another telephone call, "Set up an emergency hospital. How much space have you?"

"Beds for fifty. If you can get us cots we'll handle a hundred."

"No, your quota is sixteen. Make your own arrangements. Hurry."

We didn't know much about emergency hospitals but we dragged the mattresses and linen and blankets from sixteen of the rooms and set them up in our basement billiard-room. It wasn't too safe, but it was the best we had. The cooks set great tureens of water to boiling on the kitchen ranges. The porters gathered every sheet, table cloth and napkin from our linen-closets to cut into bandages. Doctors arrived, made ready....

We served a full-course dinner in the dining room at four-thirty. Complete black-out at six, with our hastily organized patrol and fire-war-dens to control the situation.

It was spooky work patrolling our three acres of grounds that night. We thought parachute troops had landed. We expected saboteurs and we weren't armed.

While some of the Elks kept watch from the upper lanais for prowlers along the sea-wall, others checked on lights. Hour after hour we made solitary patrols of the grounds. A shot in Kapiolani Park just across Kalakaua Avenue—hunting down parachute troops? We didn't know.

The night wore on. More shots in the park. A sudden flurry of firing down the shoreline. The radio screamed, "Apprehend suspicious person at Moiliili." "Keep off the streets. This is an order."

Just before dawn, a fury of shells burst into the sky down the coast. A searchlight flashed out; for a single blinding instant it outlined a huge bomber speeding low over the city. It roared on, an American plane hastening out to hunt down the Jap.

Daylight, and a glorious sun rising over craggy Diamond Head. For a moment our radio caught Station KGEI at San Francisco, with a band playing *The Star Spangled Banner*. We all stood uncovered. How good it was to hear that song of the might and power of free America!

Hawaii is two thousand miles from California, isolated in the middle of the vast Pacific. We've been hit below the belt by a vicious enemy—but we're all right! Morale was never higher. We'll do our share. Uncle Sam is after the Japs, and we all want to take a whack at them.

The Honolulu Elks lost some of their Brothers and friends this Sunday, and our postponed Memorial Services will be more deeply saddened by those losses—but we're all glad to shout out to the skies, "WE'RE PROUD TO BE AMERICANS!"



STEP 1. Crayon sketch on Canvas indicates composition and outlines the gesture.



STEP 2. Underpainting, in warm tones, establishes the lights and darks.



STEP 3. Painting developed in detail. Character of the sitter is now developed.



STEP 4. Portrait complete, excepting for final glazes which blend the pigments.

A SECRET SEALED IN A REYNOLDS PORTRAIT

—explains this whiskey's priceless flavor!



THIS PORTRAIT, "Dr. Johnson," was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1772. How Reynolds created his masterpiece by tone *blending* is illustrated above, in Reynolds' own style, by Arnold Blanch, noted contemporary artist. Reynolds' art of *blending* reveals how another masterpiece—Fine Arts Whiskey—is built up to perfection. Matchless, straight whiskies are *blended* to enrich each other... until a masterpiece of flavor is achieved!

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The Gun

(Continued from page 25)

"I don't think so, Mr. Graham. But he'll probably be stiff. Not so lively as he was. After all, he's an old dog."

Mr. Graham nodded. "I'm old and I'm stiff too, but I do get around. I'll want him home as soon as possible. He's nearer human than anyone around there now, and that includes myself."

MR. GRAHAM was going then, a big, stoop-shouldered figure in the narrow doorway with me tagging after him. But it took him quite a while to get into the car and I saw that his leg was bothering him. He kept up a running fire of conversation about it. "It's no good. A bum pin. Getting worse. Everything gets worse. You know, the last time I went quail hunting they damned near had to carry me back after four hours. And twenty years ago I could go twelve hours a day for weeks on end and never know what being tired was. It's disgusting. I'm sixty-seven. When my father was sixty-seven he—well, the hell with that."

I didn't say anything. I knew he was just talking to himself.

When we got to the house I thought I should say goodbye, then I had a hunch he wanted me to tag along. So I followed him down the hall to the long room. He sat down at his desk and I stood up waiting for him to speak.

After a long time he said, "Sit down, boy. . . . What do people really think of me around here?"

I looked quickly away from the gun cabinet and felt confused. I remembered all the things I had heard and out of all those things there wasn't a single good thing I could repeat to Mr. Graham. "I—don't really know, sir."

"You never heard anyone mention me?"

I had to look at him. His eyes were darker brown now and there was no expression in them that I could fathom. "Well, it's not that, sir. Only—"

He laughed. "You've given me your answer, more complete than you probably know. Well, it doesn't matter and I don't blame them, and a lot of it's my own damned fault." He waited a while, then said, "What's your ambition in life, boy?"

That was a hard one. I looked around for words to say and could feel all the things I wanted to do, but it was difficult to find the right terms for them. I said, "I want to go hunting and have bird dogs, and I want to travel, and then some day—well, things like that," I finished lamely.

He grinned at me. "Things like that," he repeated. "You'd like them to happen right off, as if by magic, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Lucky boy," Mr. Graham said,

and it didn't make sense to me, at all.

I had been moving about and found myself next to the biggest gun case. I couldn't help but look into it and then it was hard to look away. All of the guns were fine, but the most splendid of all was the little twenty-gauge I had handled yesterday. I thought suddenly then that when Mr. Graham was my age all he had to do was ask for a gun like that and he would no doubt be given a dozen. It was an unfair thing, and I felt suddenly some of the bitterness that existed in my father and the others.

"You'd give a lot for that gun, wouldn't you, boy?" Mr. Graham said.

I turned around. He was leaning back in his chair, looking at me with level eyes. I said, "Yes, sir."

"For instance, what would you give?"

"Why—" I wondered if he was making fun of me, but he wasn't smiling. I said, "I haven't much, sir. . . ."

Mr. Graham nodded and didn't answer.

I looked at the clock and it was almost six. "I have to go now, sir," I said.

"I suppose you do. Well—come back. That's an invitation." He smiled past me at the wall. "I don't ask people here much. The truth is I don't know many people any more."

"I thought—" I began, but he made a wide gesture and I was still.

"You'll have to take what I say at face value, boy, even when it shouldn't be taken that way. When Major gets up and around again we might even go hunting. It's been a year since I fired a shotgun or saw a quail."

I said, "I'd sure like to do that, sir." But he had turned away.

There were friends for dinner that night and they talked some of Hartley Graham. My father said, "Phil here knows him. He carried his dog in after he'd been hit by a car. He's been inside the house and talked to him."

Someone said eagerly, "What's the house like?" and I tried to remember what I had seen of it. But all I could think of was the long room with the desk and the cases of guns and the pictures of dogs and horses.

My father said, "I heard today he's not so well off as he was. You know what the depression's done to investments. And I guess he's spent plenty. They say he's coming to the end of it at last."

Someone else said, "Not Hartley Graham. There's no bottom to the kind of sock he inherited. And God knows he never spent any money where it would do anybody but Hartley Graham any good."

"I think he's nice," I said, and my voice sounded very loud in the silence. But I couldn't help it. I had to say it. "I like him. He's all right."

They laughed then and I didn't talk any more. As soon as I could I left the table and went up to my room. I sighted an imaginary shotgun at some imaginary birds and brought them down cleanly. Hartley Graham, who was hunting with me, said, "Well done," in his deep voice. Even the old Gordon setter looked at me with the light of approval in his wise eyes. I felt fine. But in a minute I was back in my room and hadn't any gun at all and Mr. Graham had more guns than any man could possibly use. I didn't blame him for it; it was just a thing that wasn't right. I didn't play at hunting any more that night.

TIMES were getting worse. I couldn't begin to understand it, but I knew that the plant was running at only a quarter of its capacity and men gathered on street corners to talk among themselves in low voices. My father came home at night and read his paper and shook his head and walked up and down the floor for minutes with his hands behind his back.

"I wonder what Hartley Graham thinks of all this," my father said. "If he thinks about it at all, which is doubtful. I suppose he just sits there in his fine house and paints pictures and gives that butler of his orders and never worries a damn about anything. They tell me he isn't using that big black car of his any more, the one the fancy chauffeur used to drive for him. I imagine he figures that's pretty magnanimous of him—to go around in a little car and not make us feel too inferior. I'd like to take him down to the south end of town for just one night. I'd like to see the look on his face when I show him what I could show him. And I'd like to stand up to him and say, 'Well, Mr. Graham, how do you feel now?'"

I wanted to stand up for Mr. Graham, but I wasn't fool enough to think I had any argument that would make an impression. And now my father was telling a bitter story about how one of the ladies from the newly-formed relief association had gone to see Mr. Graham and been turned away by Biddle on the grounds that Mr. Graham was so busy that all requests must be delivered in writing for consideration in due time. I sat and listened and was confused and miserably unhappy.

There was no actual want, however. The relief organization got a big check from an eastern philanthropic society with promise of further aid if it should prove necessary. We got along well enough, though we had to wear clothes until they were really worn out and we didn't have steak for dinner any more.

Fall came, and it had been months since I had seen Mr. Graham. I was

passing the place one Saturday afternoon and looked in through the gate and he was there, walking around the grounds with the old setter following. He was wearing a shirt open at the neck and heavy shoes and now and then he stopped and gave an order to the setter. The dog never took his eyes off him. When Mr. Graham made a movement of his hand he went slowly, stiffly in that direction, his body tense, his tail like a flag behind him. Then Mr. Graham saw me and said, "What are you gawking at, boy? Come in. I'm glad to see you. The truth is, I was thinking of you."

As I walked toward him I thought he looked terribly thin and old now, with even the brightness gone out of his eyes, leaving them dull and impassive. But the smile was there, and his voice hadn't changed, "How are things with you, boy? This depression hit you yet?"

I made up my mind. I said, "Mr. Graham, sir. There's something—I mean, the way people feel—" He was looking at me, smiling away, and I couldn't finish.

Then he said, "I know, boy. I know exactly. We'll talk about it some other time. Right now I've got a proposition for you."

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what day tomorrow is?"

"No, sir."

Mr. Graham's eyes grew suddenly bright. He snapped his fingers and the setter came and sat down beside

him. "Tomorrow's opening of the quail season. You and I, boy, are going hunting. I was going alone and then I thought of you, and right then you appeared. Be here at six sharp. I'll lend you a gun."

"But Mr. Graham—"

"You be here, boy. We're going to have a great hunt tomorrow and I want company. There was a time when I was good company for myself, but that's over. At six. And sharp. Come on, Major."

All I could do was go home and tell what had happened. My father said, "I guess it can't hurt you any. Go ahead, if you want. I don't imagine he'll pick your pockets."

Mr. Graham opened the door for me himself in the morning. It was cold and frosty. He was wearing an old canvas hunting coat and boots that came to his calves. All he said was, "Glad you're prompt, boy. It's a great virtue." Then we went out to the garage; he put the old setter in the back seat of the small car and we started.

He drove fast, saying almost nothing. I looked around at the dog and he was standing up, sniffing the morning air, his nostrils pulsing. The hair about his muzzle was white and his eyes were bloodshot as all old dogs' eyes are. I reached back and patted his head and he acted as if he didn't feel it at all. He just stood there, taking in the cold fresh morning smells, his whole body tense, and now and then turning his head toward Mr. Graham.

We drove for an hour into the farming country east of town and finally Mr. Graham turned the car down an old road and stopped. There was a house nearby, deserted and broken-down. "I always used to open the season here," he said. "Come on, Major."

He had brought a plain sixteen-gauge double for me. He used the beautiful twenty-gauge himself and I watched him load it, wondering if he would let me handle it some time during the day. But he seemed abstracted, and we started our strange hunt. Even at the beginning I knew there was something odd about it. Only I didn't know what it was. Mr. Graham acted almost as if I weren't there at all. Or as if I were someone else, someone of his own generation whom he knew very well. I followed him out into the corn stubble and he said, "You take the west side, the way we did before."

I felt confused. "What did you say, Mr. Graham?"

He didn't answer me. He was watching Major now. The old dog was going ahead very slowly, his tail at a stiff angle. Mr. Graham was holding his gun ready and I went off a little way to the west as he had told me, and Major went into a point.

The old dog didn't look so well on point, I thought. He didn't look the way the dogs did in pictures. He looked tired and a little uncertain, as if he were doing something that went far back into the past, something of which he was no longer sure.

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Then Mr. Graham sent him in. Two birds flushed and Mr. Graham fired twice, the shots coming nearly together. The quail flew on, untouched.

I fired then at long range, and by great good luck brought one bird down clean. The dog went slowly forward to make the retrieve. It seemed an endless time before he found and brought back the bird, though it was open country and there was no brush to bother him.

He brought it to Mr. Graham and Mr. Graham put it in one of his coat pockets. Then he turned to me, smiling widely. "That was rotten shooting. I should have got them both. But did you ever see a finer working dog than Major?"

Instinctively I started to say that I'd made the kill, then was silent. Mr. Graham said, "The other bird went your way and you should have got him." There was reproof in his tone, as if I had somehow failed to rise to an important occasion.

I said, "Yes, sir," and he said, "Do better next time."

It was half an hour later before Major made another find. His casts had grown shorter and shorter; he was limping badly now and every once in a while he looked at Mr. Graham with anxious eyes. But Mr. Graham didn't seem to notice. He kept saying aloud how much he admired the way Major worked and what a great hunting dog he was. "He'd win the American handicap," he said, "if they didn't have this craze for fast and flashy dogs. They don't seem to understand what a sound bird dog is any more. Look at that!"

Major was on point again; Mr. Graham sent him in and there was nothing there. Mr. Graham laughed, throwing his head back. "That's one on Major," he said. "Give him a year or two more experience and that won't happen. The best of them make false points when they're green."

I looked hard at Mr. Graham, trying to figure it out, but it was clear that he was perfectly serious. Then Major went into another point; there was a whole covey this time and it was perfect shooting with the flight going away close together, their wings whirring. Mr. Graham got one and I got two. This time Major took even longer to find and retrieve a bird and finally I went out and picked up the other two. I knew now what Major's trouble was, by the anxious way he went about sniffing and staring. He was so old his nose had gone back on him and he was trying to do too much by sight. A setter's eyes are almost always weak.

Mr. Graham, smiling broadly, was putting the

bird Major had retrieved into his coat. He was saying again, "Did you ever see a dog work like Major?"

"No, sir," I said. "He sure is fine."

Oh, it was strange all right, and it had me worried as well as puzzled. Later on the strangest thing of all happened. A single quail rose and flew off and I brought it down. Mr. Graham turned at the gun-shot. He said in a queer low voice, "Splendid! Remember when you were afraid of guns? It's common enough. Most girls are gun-shy as puppies, and just about as hard to break of it."

He wasn't looking at me but past me. I followed the path of his eyes but there was no one in sight at all. He stood still a long time just looking. Major lay down, as he did now at every opportunity. Then Mr. Graham drew a long breath and said, "Come on, Major, come on, boy," and moved away.

It was a little after noon when Mr. Graham stopped abruptly and dropped his gun butt to the ground. We'd got twelve quail; I'd brought down nine of them and Major had only retrieved four. In the brushy country he hadn't even made an effort—he'd acted as if he knew it was too much for him and was too weary to make the try.

Mr. Graham mopped his face with a handkerchief. The sweat was running down it, though the day was cool. The skin was white and drawn tight, and there were deep lines about his mouth. Major lay down beside him and was still, half closing his eyes.

Mr. Graham said quietly, "We'll go back now."

"That was a fine hunt, sir," I said.

He smiled a little. "Never mind, boy. And don't walk so damned fast."

He drove home very slowly. When I opened the door to get out he said, "Wait a minute, boy."

He was leaning back in the seat and in the rear Major was sleeping the way a dog does when he is completely exhausted. He said, "Thanks for coming with me. I had a good time today, boy. It's good to pretend sometimes. It does no harm and it can help you for a little while. But you don't know what I'm talking about."

"Well, sir—"

He opened the car door and hesitated a moment. He said, "For a little while I almost believed it myself. Silly, wasn't it?" He touched Major's head. "Only Major wasn't fooled. Major knows."

He gave me the quail then and said, "Take them home. Goodbye, boy."

At home, my father looked at the quail and laughed. "There's families in this town who'd work all day long for a crow and eat it feathers and all, much less those fancy birds. Did you have a good time?"

"Pretty good," I said. I was glad he didn't ask me any more questions.

It was a week later that I heard the news—the house was closed and Mr. Graham had gone away by himself on the night train. The station-master had seen him. There was a "For Sale" sign on the house and the gates were chained and padlocked once again.

There was much speculation and almost everyone gossiped, trading this theory and that. Most finally came to the conclusion that Mr. Graham was off to Europe or South America or some such place for a good time. He was no doubt traveling on one of those palatial yachts that cost three or four thousand dollars a day to operate. It was pointed out that Mr. Biddle hadn't been seen for a long time and had probably gone away before Mr. Graham to make arrangements for the trip.

In the meantime the depression went on, though some said things were getting a little better now, and there were signs that it would be over soon. Those who weren't getting aid from the Government were kept going by the funds that came from the philanthropic group in the East. And one day vans came to the big house and took everything out of it, and I stood on the sidewalk and watched and felt sick when the men carried out the glass-fronted cases that had held the guns. Then the gate was padlocked once more, the "For Sale" sign grew yellow and tattered



and it was clear that no one wanted a big old-fashioned house like that.

The news was in the headlines one December morning. Mr. Graham had died, in New York. He had been living in a small inexpensive hotel by himself and he had left no estate at all. He had died completely broke. That was a big story in itself, but there was a bigger story yet that made people read and stare and read again. A very large fund had been established years ago and he had never allowed his own name to be associated with it. It had been used to build the hospital and during the depression it had been the source of the private relief money. He could have had any part of it at any time, but he had never touched it. Almost all of it was in government bonds, and it had remained intact when other fortunes had crumbled to nothing. He had left a note concerning it. It was to be turned over to a committee of local people to administer after he was dead, and they were to use it as they pleased and thought best. The paper quoted a line from the note. "The hands of the dead," it said, "should never be used to tie the hands of the living."

For a week there seemed to be no talk in town save that concerning Mr. Graham, and again there were a thousand theories, a thousand speculations. There were many who said they had thought all the time that he was better than the ignorant had supposed, and there were a handful who admitted they had been entirely mistaken. Older people asked me about him but I could tell them little they wanted to know. I never told anyone what the hunt had been like. I thought it was nobody's business.

It was spring when Mr. Graham's cousin came to town, a big woman, very assured in her ways, who had been instructed by him to attend to turning over the money to the local committee. She brought a lawyer with her and they spent three days of feverish activity getting their work done. I remember how my mother gasped when a cab, the only cab in town, came up to the door one evening and she got out carrying an old pigskin gun case, and walked up our steps.

My mother opened the door and she said in a voice that almost rang, "I'm Flora Graham. Is Philip Randolph here?"

I came out to meet her then, shy and a little afraid of her, but she smiled and I knew immediately that she was a friendly woman. She handed me the gun case with an abrupt gesture and said, "No thank you," when my mother asked her to come in. "I've got to hurry off," she said. Then she turned to me again. "Mr. Graham told me you were to have this. It was one of the few things he kept. He often spoke to me of the time he took you hunting. He said you probably thought him crazy, but that you were very nice about it. And there was a note for you." She handed me an envelope.

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I said, "Thank you, ma'am."

She smiled, a far-off smile. "I suppose you were one of his last friends, Philip. He made and lost many. He was a failure, Philip, but I was fond of him and I know he wouldn't mind my saying that to you. He was too proud. He had the kind of pride that wouldn't let him answer any criticism. Well, goodbye."

I opened the gun case first. There was the magnificent twenty-gauge, and I looked a long time at the ducks and dogs and pheasants inlaid in gold, and the stock that was so beautiful it was hard to believe it was only wood, and I put the gun together and knew there hadn't been many guns made in the history of the world with that balance and that feel. Then I took it down and put it back in the case and I was thinking of Mr. Graham and his dog.

My mother said, "Open the letter."

The writing was very hard to read. "Boy," it began abruptly. "I guess

it's safe to give you this now; you've wanted it a long time and you never expected to get it and that is a good thing. That is why I've waited so long—it has been good for you to wait. I had one about like it when I was twelve, and I had three or four more before I was twenty, and I've had so many other things it would take a lifetime to catalogue them. It was all very easy, and I was very sure. Of course I never had to wait for anything. I knew that when it came to painting pictures and making a life for myself it would be like that too—fine and easy enough, and always pleasant. But things fool you and after a long time you want to go back to the good days and you can't. I guess the thing is to handle it so you never have to want that; handle it so that it has all been done the right way, and it is over, and it is good, and there is little or nothing that you would do over if you could.

"I gave Major away a while back

and whether he's dead or alive now I don't know. Nor do I want to know. It was lonely for a while after he was gone and that was a good thing too. I always thought more of dogs than of most people, and it was a mistake, fine as a good dog is. Because sooner or later you come to know you need people, and then it may be too late, then you may have lost the gift for earning the regard and the affection of people, and that is something you never can get back. You can be so long out of the world, the real world, that it isn't possible to return to it.

"Good luck. Hartley Graham."

I went up to my room and thought about Mr. Graham. I was glad he'd enjoyed that day we'd gone hunting, and had remembered it. I was sorry he was dead, but it was a fine thing having known him. All I could do now was take care of his gun and never let it get out of condition. I thought that he had planned for me to do that, and I knew I always would.

Time Off

(Continued from page 7)

of harder things have been done in here.

"But where's the connection with Krissler?" he asked. "Why do you think he had wire snips?"

"It's got to be, John," I said. "Nothing else makes any sense out of what he did."

The more I thought, the surer I got. A common pair of wire snips was just the thing. Being small, no bigger than a pair of pliers, they could be hid easy. It would be no trouble for a man to keep them in his cell, or carry them in his clothes till he needed them. A few quick cuts, as I told John, and Krissler would have been outside the fence.

"Then why didn't he use them?" John asked.

"He couldn't find them."

"You mean he simply mislaid them?" said John. "Oh, I doubt that—in fact, I can't believe it."

Neither could I. Nobody would be that big a fool when it meant life or death. Krissler's trouble came from something else, not from losing his snips. I was sure of this; so, after thinking it over, I decided to tell John what I knew.

"John," I said, "let's suppose somebody in here had a pair of wire snips. Just for instance, suppose I had. Not a soul knows I've got them, of course, because I take good care to keep it secret. So I plan to break out, and I want a partner to go along."

"Why a partner?"

"It might be for any reason," I said. "Maybe I don't know the country around here. Maybe I ain't got any friends outside, or I need a car to get away in. Since I'm supplying the wire snips, it's up to my partner to supply whatever we need once we get out. But I go slow and make sure he's the right kind."

"What would the qualifications

for your partner have to be?"

John followed every word while I explained that the partner had to be somebody who wanted to escape and could keep his mouth closed, too.

"For instance," I said, "suppose I picked young Krissler. I tell him my plan and show him the wire snips. It's a chance to get free, so he agrees to go partners. Meantime, of course, we don't hang around together or act like we're partners at all. It's to both our advantages to be careful, because this is dangerous business we're up to. But the best part of this plan, John, is the way it protects us both, so nothing that happens to one partner can spoil things for the other."

"How do you accomplish that?" John asked.

"Instead of keeping the snips myself," I said, "we hide them where we're going to cut through. We pick out the exact spot ahead of time, both of us, and hide the snips there. Then if one partner loses his nerve at the last minute, or can't hide out because a guard's looking, the other partner's still safe. Whichever one gets to the fence first can cut the wires and be on his way. That's fair enough," I said, "ain't it, John?"

"Are you leading up to something?" he asked.

"But how does that plan sound?" I said. "Would you go partners in it—if I showed you I had a pair of wire snips?"

John shook his head. No jail-break would ever interest him, he claimed, because when he went away from here he was going away for good, not be caught and brought back again.

"You could show me twenty pairs of wire snips," he said, smiling, "and I'd still refuse the offer."

"You'd refuse," I said, "but Krissler didn't."

"Krissler—what do you mean?"

"Careful," I said. "The warden's coming."

The warden was starting his afternoon walk around the field. At each corner he took the turn sharp and brisk and marched straight on to the next, paying no attention to anybody. We all kept working till he went out the gate, and then John turned to me again.

"That theory of yours puzzles me," he said. "As I understand it, you believe the plan you described would really work?"

"Sure I do, John."

"And yet you say that's the plan Krissler tried?"

"Yes, him and others before him."

"You must be joking," said John. "Does a plan work if everyone who tries it gets killed?"

"NOW wait, John," I said. "You see, the day comes when Krissler and I are ready to make our break. At noon he hides out here in the patch. He lays low till everybody's in eating. Then he crawls over to the spot where we hid the snips—but he can't find them."

"Why not?"

"Because there's somethings Krissler don't know about," I said. "He don't know I've gone on in with the others. And he don't know I picked up the snips, on the sly, at the last minute. So he's still hunting them when the guard steps out."

"You mean that—"

"Yes," I said, "the warden puts a guard out here in case what I told him comes true—about how I've heard rumors some men were plotting a break at noon today. It comes true, all right. So the warden's happy because another jail-break is stopped. And I'm happy because I get three months taken off each year I've got left to serve."

After looking around, John warned me that if talk like that got overheard it could make trouble for me.

"The plan would be no good," I went on, "if the others ever heard I squealed. I wouldn't live long then. But the guards shoot to kill, and my partner never gets a chance to talk. So I keep the wire snips in my clothes till I can hide them that night in my cell. And then I start studying the new prisoners again, looking for another partner—another young one like Krissler with a girl waiting somewhere."

Shaking his head, serious and worried, John warned me again that talk like that was dangerous.

"Some people might take it literally," he said. "They'd start wondering and then—"

"That's just what I thought, John, about some things you were saying a while back."

This puzzled John, so I explained I meant the questions he had asked me about Krissler.

"After asking twice if he was dead," I said, "you wanted to know if he died instantly. Then you asked where the bullets hit him. And then, John, you even asked if he'd done any talking before he died."

Dropping my voice lower, I moved closer to John.

"Another thing," I said, "was when I told you how I watched Krissler hunting something by the fence. Nobody saw that but me. I was the only one who knew where he hunted. So I pointed it out for you. Remember, John? And I pointed wrong—on purpose. But you looked at the *right* place. Twice you took a quick look at the exact spot where Krissler did his searching."

I tapped him on the knee, so as to get my hand nearer his waist.

"Besides knowing the spot," I said, "you knew what Krissler was after. You knew because all the time you had it yourself—right *here*!"

Surprising him, I grabbed him at the waist. I could feel the shape in my hand. Gripping it tight from the outside, I rammed my other arm down inside his loose overalls. He fought like a wild man, but I gave a quick yank and pulled out a pair of wire snips with the broken ends of a narrow belt still hanging to them. He had been carrying them 'round his middle, next to the skin, and I had noticed the bulge they made through his overalls.

"Don't tell!" he said. "Don't, for God's sake!"

He kept begging hard, because he knew nobody lives long in jail after the others learn he has squealed.

"Please!" he said. "I'll be dead before morning!"

It was thinking of Krissler's face that set me crazy—remembering how he had looked near the end. I thought of him and the others who died the same way—and suddenly I was doing my best to kill John White.

He was so quick on his feet, being small and light, that I could hardly touch him. I was still trying when the guards clubbed me down. A few minutes later we were in the war-

den's office, while John gave his version of the fight—gave it in that gentle voice that could make the worst lie sound like the truth.

"This man and I were working in the carrots," he began, "and shortly after noon he started to talk about escaping. He had a fool-proof plan, he said, and wanted me to join him. I tried to change the subject."

"Go on," the warden said. "What happened then?"

"Well," said White slowly, like he hated to tell this, "then he showed me a pair of wire snips that were fastened on a belt inside his clothes. He seemed to take it for granted that I'd fall in with his plan, and it angered him when I refused. He grew more threatening, and then suddenly flew into a rage and attacked me. When he saw the guards coming he ripped the belt off, breaking it in his haste, and tried to kick it out of sight. But the guards saw it—and that's all I know, sir."

Meanwhile the warden was examining the snips and belt. His eye had lit up the minute the guard handed them over. He took special interest in them, and later on I learned why.

It seemed the guard that shot Krissler had questioned him while he was dying. He got no names, because Krissler refused to give any, but he managed to find out this much—Krissler had a partner and their plan was to cut through with wire snips. The warden knew the same thing had happened before, which was why he was so interested.

He studied the worn belt and the little loop on it that had been made special to hold the snips. Fitting the ends together, where the belt had broken near the buckle, he looked up at me.

"How long have you had this?"

"I never had it."

"Then whose is it?"

"It ain't mine, warden."

"Didn't you have it around your waist?" he asked—and that was the question I was hoping for.

"No," I said, "it wouldn't fit me."

The warden gave a start. I pulled my shirt up, and they tried the belt on me. It was away too small, so small the ends were a foot short of meeting. By then the guard had White's shirt up. The belt fit him perfect, but they hardly needed to try it. One look at his waist was enough, because nobody can wear a belt against his skin in hot weather without it leaving a red band that matches every wrinkle in the leather.

The warden was glaring at John White. Nodding slowly, he half shut his eyes like a man who is thinking back and putting everything together.

"White," he said, "you've overreached yourself at last."

So now, besides losing all his time off, John White has to stand trial for Krissler's death. I doubt if the trial worries him, because he knows he probably won't live that long.

The warden kept me there a while. He said lots of things, this being the most important, "Young fellow, I'm going to get you paroled."



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What America is Reading

(Continued from page 8)

pened to him just the same. In "From the Land of Silent People" he writes a thrilling, highly entertaining book about his experiences. When the Nazis began to bomb Belgrade he had to transfer from one hotel to another, and his attempts to console a distracted female named Sonja took up a lot of his time. He had to move along poor roads with an army that used ox-carts and shot at airplanes with infantry rifles. He moved down to Greece and Crete, going to Alexandria, and his account casts light on how the soldiers got away. His concern is with plain people and with a strange world of suffering imposed by a power that professes to make an ideal world. His personal experiences make an excellent story and give a new slant on the madhouse created by the war. (Doubleday, Doran, \$3)

THE man of the hour also inspires the book of the hour. So long as a personality is in the saddle, the public cannot be satiated; it will welcome articles and books about him, and scan the newspapers for photographs of his activities. Winston Churchill shares the limelight with Franklin D. Roosevelt in this regard. Like our own T. R., he was always impetuous, active, getting into the news. As a talkative small boy he was considered naughty. He had red hair and the boys called him Carrots. After the Boer war he was a hero; during the war of 1914-18 he was up and down, and after the war he lost popularity because he said Britain was losing power and prestige and Germany was gaining. Philip Guedalla is the latest to describe his career, and in "Mr. Churchill" he writes the sort of book that answers the questions of anyone who doesn't know Churchill. Nearly every other month I record the publication of a new book about Churchill, and most people have read them. But so long as a man is at the helm of the ship of state, so long will his career be news. Mr. Guedalla performs one excellent service; he digests the speeches of Churchill as he goes along, thus indicating the development of the man's ideas and showing how watchful he has been of Britain's fortunes in the age when weakness was often mistaken for goodwill. "Without victory there is no survival," announced the new prime minister in his first speech, and that may be considered his answer to all talk about ending the war before the menace of the opposition is laid low. Churchill may make mistakes, but he will never quit fighting. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$3)

Good stories of the hour . . . When it comes to writing about the Ameri-

can past, Walter D. Edmonds, who wrote "Drums Along the Mohawk" follows his original bent. The latest of his tales, "Young Ames", follows the education of a clerk in a New York mercantile establishment of the 1830's, against a background of old South street, the rotten Five Points, once located where New York's civic center proudly houses the machinery of government, and the cotton market. Many a time has a young fellow making his way in the great city been a theme for novels, but Mr. Edmonds tells his story in his own way, and makes it genuinely entertaining. (Little, Brown, \$2.50)

Then here is our old friend, Rafael Sabatini, once more telling romantic tales. This time it's a historical novel, "Columbus", and it deals with Columbus and the dangers attending his plans to sail west, enhanced by the activities of the gypsy beauty, Beatriz, with whom he falls in love. It's a big jump in theme and dialogue from the New York of Walter D. Edmonds to the Columbus of Sabatini and you have to make allowances for the more formal style. (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2.75)

AS FOR "House for the Sparrow", by Julia Truitt Yenni, that's the sort of story women enjoy—all about the Larbell family, which was constantly moving; in fact, Pa and Mama Larbell had been married twenty years and lived in eighteen houses. So Pa plumped for "a new kind of life"—that is, he bought a house, and the Larbells had trouble getting used to it. There are a number of growing children with wants of their own and an aged invalid in a wheel chair helps the confusion. Chatty and cheerful is this story, which is a good thing to have these days. (Reynal & Hitchcock, \$2.50)

Anyone can sympathize with Felix Macalister, whose abhorrence of Philadelphia was strong enough to make him enjoy going to South America after marmosets. Just ready to undertake a journey that would combine ethnological study and vagabondage, Felix was called back by the terms of his rich uncle's will; he would receive a fine house and \$50,000 a year if he lived in the house nine months a year. That house in Philadelphia carried with it many social advantages. And that is the start of the struggle that Struthers Burt works out in his new novel, "Along These Streets". (Scribner, \$2.75)

Partly this is the story of Felix and his adjustment to the new life; partly it deals with three women he knows: Dea, the dancer; Mavis, the

artist from Harrisburg, and Harriet, the daughter of a Philadelphia family. Partly also, it deals with America—what it offers, what it stands for, what it does for those who love it. Felix could hardly work out his own relations to Philadelphia without examining the America of which it was a part, and reaching some conclusions about all the tribes that inhabit it—their victories and defeats, ambitions and desires, their energy and spiritual longings. This makes the book more than just an easy-going story; indeed, some of the talk gets pretty sophisticated and the characters become self-conscious as they ripple along. But the story never cuts as deeply as did Santayana's analysis in "The Last Puritan", nor has it the lightness of Christopher Morley's "Kitty Foyle". In its own right it gives the reader—and the Philadelphians, no less—something to think about. And the love of America, here revealed, is of the best kind.

TO GET a line on the best mystery stories of the last twelve months I have consulted with William Boehnel, who reads them all. He says 1941 was a banner year for this sort of light entertainment and that many man-hours were used up consuming what they had to give. If half the time were used to solve real murders, the country would be free of crime in a jiffy. Maybe you've read these, maybe not; at any rate, they are still good. Mr. Boehnel calls them the golden dozen of the year: "The Chuckling Fingers", by Mabel Seeley; "Forty Whacks", by Geoffrey Homes; "Three Died Various-ly", by Guy Edwin Giles; "Death on the Waterfront", by Robert Archer; "Evil Under the Sun", by Agatha Christie; "The Town is Full of Rumors", by Ruth and Alexander Wilson; "Maigret to the Rescue" or "Maigret Keeps a Rendezvous", two books translated from the French; "Madman's Buff" by Kurt Steel; "Appleby on Ararat", by Michael Innes; "Justice Be Damned", by A. R. Hilliard; "Good Night Sheriff" by H. R. Steeves and "A Pinch of Poison" by Frances and Richard Lockridge. Among recent publications "Footsteps Behind Her" by Mitchell Wilson (Simon & Schuster, \$2) tells the story of the predicament of a young airplane designer who is in danger from a gang, and a music teacher who falls in love with him. "Full Crash Dive", by Allan R. Bosworth, tells how old Admiral Wetherbee clears up the mystery of a submarine that failed to come up (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, \$2); and "Murder Behind the Mike" by Raymond Leslie Goldman plants an interesting murder in a broadcasting station, (Coward-McCann, \$2)

Hoof to Mouth

(Continued from page 13)

distribution is practically part of our army's equipment. For the American soldier's basic staple has been meat since revolutionary troops barbecued beef over open fires with the steaks stuck on their bayonets.

From the many meetings between the army and meat have come an equal number of interesting incidents. One of these concerns a gentleman usually pictured not only in striped pants but in striped topper as well.

Some months ago he looked out from a striking cover on *The Elks Magazine*, with each feature of his strong American face cleverly moulded into a phase of national armament. The celebrated name of the man in the picture was a donation of the meat industry.

In the War of 1812 we were fighting the British around New Orleans. A good chunk of the army's meat supply was coming from a packer in Troy, New York, known as Sam Wilson whose cheerful friendliness had earned him the sobriquet, Uncle Sam.

One day in 1812 a river boat pulled up to the important shipping docks in Troy. Waiting on the wharf were casks of meat stamped "U.S." en route to the army in the South.

A curious passenger on the boat leaned against the rail and asked a stevedore what the letters "U.S." meant.

"Must mean Uncle Sam," said he.

"Uncle Sam who?"

"Uncle Sam Wilson, of course—he's feedin' the army."

That was the sort of yarn that could be laughingly tossed from port to port, city to city. "Who was feedin' the army?"—"Uncle Sam." Pretty soon the Government came to be known as Uncle Sam and genial Mr. Wilson, the meat packer in Troy, slipped into oblivion.

Wherever he may be, the American soldier craves American meat. Getting it to him in the last war gave birth to this incident:

To transport an expeditionary force to France was a tremendous task. It called for organization on a grand scale. But getting this force abroad was not the end of the job. It had to be fed. Ship space, however, was worth its weight in gold, posing the problem of how to provide American soldiers with a sufficient supply of their favorite food. It was solved by an indirect approach.

When the meat was delivered to France it had to be stored. An American officer with meat packing experience was the natural choice to supervise the job of building a storage plant at the base. Arriving at the French seaport of Brest, this officer was amazed to see that the meat which arrived contained all the bone. To him the problem of how to multiply ship space and speed deliveries was simply solved by sending an urgent cable ordering the bone cut

out of the meat before shipment.

This bright suggestion meant that vast quantities of shipping and storage space were saved, speeding the meat to the troops on time.

Meat is the main course of the American soldier. As our army now stands, it gobbles the gargantuan ration of one million pounds a day. This means that when the Selective Service Act takes a young man into the army it trebles his meat consumption, in some cases multiplies it by four or five.

Our army today is calory-conscious, for fighting men or drilling men burn up energy at a terrific rate. Food is measured in caloric ounces with a scientific slide rule, a revolutionary change from the slap-dash days of old. Thus if a division goes from garrison to field rations two ounces of canned corn could be squeezed into .4 ounces of dehydrated corn. Meat is also apportioned in ounces and the comparison between civilian and military allotments is striking: in England, as this is written, the civilian gets a meat ration of 2.3 ounces a day, in Germany 2.5. Calory-burning soldiers in these countries get at least twice that amount, but not as much as the American civilian who averages 7.3 ounces a day. In a class by himself as the world's super-meat-eater is the American soldier; he is rationed sixteen (16) ounces of meat a day.

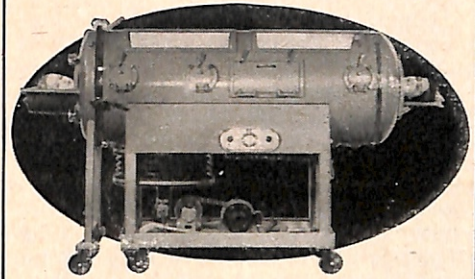
Most American soldiers are on garrison rations. This writer was recently escorted through the kitchens at the heavily guarded Army Base garrison on Long Island, N. Y., where important gray army transports dock and weigh anchor as unostentatiously as possible. These immaculate kitchens can feed about 1200 men.

Following the old army custom, dinner at the long, polished tables is at noon and along the meat trail the men have everything from hotdogs to sirloin steaks. As a testimonial to our alliance with China as well as to the pleasures of variety, chow mein is served at regular intervals. Here is a week's menu at the garrison: (Sun.)—braised beef, (Mon.)—hamburger loaf, (Tues.)—Swiss steaks, (Wed.)—Spanish beef (with hot sauce and peppers), (Thurs.)—hamburger loaf (what again?), (Fri.)—vegetable stew, (Sat.)—beef pot pie.

When it comes to breakfast, old army regulars have been known to grumble "we want creamed beef" when served ham and eggs. With such fare as this you can easily understand how the army's meat ration (cramped with vitamins and proteins from meat) rises to the monumental figure of 16 ounces a day.

As a matter of fact, just recently Dr. Robert Elman, Professor of Clinical Surgery at Washington University, said that "protein deficiency,

WHY NOT LIFE CONSERVATION TOO?



We are at war. Conservation is the order of the day. Tires, gasoline, automobiles, wool, rubber and many other items fall within this group. If it is important to conserve these common everyday articles isn't it more important to conserve human life itself?

Over 50,000 people die each year from asphyxia, and you probably were not aware that this death rate is TWICE that of automobile fatalities. Did you realize that a good percentage of these could be saved if an Iron Lung were available.

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overlooked these days in the hue and cry about vitamins, figures prominently in producing surgical shock. This protein deficiency can be avoided by eating a lot of meat, eggs, and milk".

Hanging in the garrison refrigerator were two hind and two front quarters of beef. Mess Sergeant Worrell, an obliging Southerner, explained with justifiable pride that the garrison's "vet" had pronounced the beef of a grade just under prime, an astonishingly high rating. The garrison vet has a busy time of it because the army is very particular about its principal sustenance. Some meat, though sound and already government inspected and passed, had been rejected because it had been delivered in a slightly soiled truck.

Getting masses of meat to millions, whether they be soldiers or civilians, is an American institution. If you were selecting other typical American institutions you might easily choose cattle and cowboys.

It is therefore curious to note that this bit of Americana is only a modern rendition of a custom that is older than the pyramids.

Thousands of years ago primitive people used to think that drifting clouds were cows of the gods, so prominent a part did cattle play in their lives. The great herds which they reared and watched, forerunners of our tremendous herds in the Southwest, gave them their meat and milk and helped with heavy work.

Man's use of oxen reached a remarkable high when tribes in South Africa trained a breed known as Blakeleys to watch their flocks. But even this was topped when super-Blakeleys were conscripted for wars against tribes. These Blakeley brigades were formidable in battle, thundering into the fray with a terrific charge that scattered the enemy. What's more, they were deaf to the sly entreaties of fifth columnists who might have whispered, "Arise, slaves, you have nothing to lose but your yokes."

Where one ancient tribe yoked the oxen into the heaviest work and then served him up as steak when his legs gave way, other tribes treated the bovine species as sacred objects. Thus Taurus the Bull was bricked into the many mosaics forming the sign of the Zodiac over which you may have callously walked for, to ancient tribes, Taurus was something more than a potential beef-steak dinner. Oxen were worshipped by the early Egyptians and the Hindus. In fact, the ancient Romans considered the wanton destruction of oxen a crime punishable by exile.

Scientists say that meat

was man's first food. And from ancient times man worried about how to preserve it. The Romans, for instance, invented various kinds of sausage which became a favorite dish at Roman banquets, and emperors like Nero and Caesar ecstatically bit into what is plebeian fare for every American. This preserved meat or sausage became the main course at banquets which became so gay and subsequently disorderly that laws were passed against the manufacture and sale of sausage. Thus came into existence one of the strangest of all pedlars—the sausage bootlegger.

But for many centuries the secret of curing meat remained the closely guarded property of a chosen few, passing from one generation to the next in the hands of the curing foreman. Finally in the 1850's it was bequeathed to one Isaac Carter of Cincinnati. Isaac was as secretive as his predecessors, cautiously locking himself in the cellar of the packing-house when meat-curing time arrived, but his meat-packer had a curiosity as relentless and untiring as that of a brat off on a train ride. All, it seemed, to no avail. No matter how the packer would plead or cajole the foreman would say, "Mr. Stevens, that is one thing I can never tell you for it has been a secret in my family for ten generations." And off he would shuffle to his clandestine laboratory in the cellar.

One dark night the persistent packer determinedly bored a small hole in the floor of his office directly above the curing cellar. In the morning he stretched himself painfully on the floor and watched Isaac begin his esoteric work. Isaac carefully filled a vat with water, mumbled

"abracadabra" and tossed in handfuls of sugar and salt. These were noisily pursued by a piece of potato. The potato sank. With more mumbo-jumbo Isaac threw in more salt and lo! the potato came to the top and floated. Now with the grin of a canny cat, Isaac immersed the meat. On the floor above, the packer, triumphant but bewildered, quietly pulled himself to his feet, brushed off his pants and hurried to a chemist's where he breathlessly described the operation. The chemist laughed and, with some condescension, explained that this mysterious business was just a simple way of determining the specific gravity of the pickle. "There's no secret about that." Said the chemist, "I can do it with my hands tied behind my back." And so, to the dismay of the curing foreman, test tube tykes cut themselves a piece of the meat industry.

As soon as the peeking packers learned how to cure meat they were able to expand without permission from their cabalistic foremen and the meat industry spread out to a point where it now affects the life of almost every American, some very profitably. Just glance at some of its offspring: Hollywood "Westerns", pulp magazine stories about "rustlin'", cowboy songs, dude ranches.

Lulled by such glamorous activities the envious tenderfoot might suspect that cowboys who herd great masses of cattle would be rewarded at the end of a dusty's ride with juicy, tender steaks. But the cowboys aren't so lucky. For steers fetch too much money at the stockyards, as much as \$100 a head, to be served up to ranchhands. "I didn't see much steak," said a Texan cowboy friend of mine

who is now a cavalry officer. "It went by too fast on its way to Chicago."

Steak gets to New York almost faster. In fact, a restaurateur from New York, recently moved to Los Angeles, claims that he had to order his fine cuts from his old meat sources in Manhattan. This can be taken with a shake of salt but it is a fact that five-eighths of the Nation's meat is raised west of the Mississippi and two-thirds of it is consumed east of Ol' Man River. Many visitors to cowboy country who envision wonderful steaks are sadly disappointed in the meat they are served and it is small satisfaction to them to realize that most of the choice cuts have been shipped to the cities they left behind.

To every city and town in the land goes the beef that is America's favorite food, led by a cut so admired by Henry VIII of England that in a moment of gustatory ecstasy he dubbed it Sir Loin.



"Like it? Brightest color I ever mixed."

From Armchairs to Arms

(Continued from page 9)

men who administrate school and college sports would fall all over themselves in their zeal to cooperate. That's what you think!

Perhaps the sporting gents in question believe they are doing their bit to lick Hirohitler with brave and bold announcements to the effect that they will carry on with full athletic schedules during the summer sessions which now are part of the full college course. Maybe they believe they are obeying the letter and spirit of the OCD's green light to sport with ambitious plans for compulsory physical education and such innovations as making freshmen eligible for varsity teams. If that's what they really believe, school and college administrators can be accused only of stupidity and not the more serious charge of duplicity.

Until the schools and, particularly, the colleges make their varsity teams and schedules secondary to a sweeping program stressing intramural athletics, the administrators are evading their full responsibility in the national war effort. Foregoing and forgetting cushy gate receipts for the duration will, admittedly, cause a severe wrench and make for numerous hardships, but the automobile workers of Detroit and the boys employed in the tire factories of Akron were not consulted before they were told to make the best of a bad situation.

Intramural athletics, sport for all, is the machinery which will put into the works our simple little proposition of a few paragraphs ago. To date, no group or conference of colleges has seen fit to devote its major athletic effort to the clicking and sticking of such a policy. In short, the colleges still are thinking in terms of the one boy in fifty who is gifted with the coordination, speed and strength to represent the school in intercollegiate competition.

Army and Navy people think on a more grandiose scale. They need one boy in every seven or eight. A good many of these boys are in college, but the authorities are not breaking their necks to develop the man-power we must have. The man-power, it might be added, without which the fine buildings and ideals and endowments of the colleges will be worthless.

The colleges have the facilities to nurture and toughen the cream of the crop. The colleges have trained supervisors and instructors. They certainly have the raw material to do a job. Given half a chance, kids always have played games enthusiastically.

But what do we have? We have colleges spending a couple of thousand dollars on a racing shell which can carry only eight men and a passenger in the rumble seat. You say rowing is a first-rate body-builder?

Sure it is. Then why not use the money which goes into one sleek shell to buy a half-dozen flat-bottomed barges and develop a hundred bodies instead of eight? We still have directors concentrating their effort on fielding 40-man football, 20-man baseball and 15-man basketball squads while the rest of the student body is left to shift for itself. We see magnificent playing fields, which can accommodate hundreds of kids five days a week, closed to the students and manicured with loving care for the presentation of five or six football spectacles a year.

We are told nineteen men behind the lines are needed to maintain one soldier at the front. The colleges seem determined to keep the same ratio between athlete and spectator—and the analogy is not the same by a long niblick shot.

The nature of the times makes the adoption of a far-flung program of intramural athletics imperative. Athletic directors say okay, fine, swell, but where do we get the money to support it? That's a pertinent question. You need money, all right, to buy equipment, pay supervisors, expand facilities. So you get the dough where you've always gotten it. From competitive sports. You pay the bill by cutting down on such needless expenditures as transcontinental trips—"there's a little college around the corner that can beat your ears off", by eliminating luxuries like satin pants and doeskin wind-breakers and from the returns brought in by varsity teams. Increased returns.

Competitive sports need not suffer because time, effort and money are diverted to the intramural program. Indeed, there is every reason to believe competitive sports will prosper by stimulating interest among the students, who are potential customers.

Notre Dame is a fine example, if one is needed, of the salutary effects of the sports-for-all policy. You know, of course, that Notre Dame men support the old school's teams with fanatical enthusiasm; they really go off the beam when the Irish come to town—any town—and their spirit spills over to engulf the unattached public. Maybe you didn't know this feeling springs from Notre Dame's intramural athletic program, one of the oldest and most comprehensive in the country.

Approximately 25 percent of all the students at Notre Dame play football—the great majority on hall teams which comprise 22 to 33 men. Virtually every able-bodied undergraduate is on an interclass or inter-hall baseball, basketball or track team. The 18-hole golf course on the campus is torn apart every day.

The all-school program was Knute Rockne's baby and he nursed it carefully through all the years his foot-



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SECRETARIES AND LODGE CORRESPONDENTS PLEASE NOTE

The Elks Magazine wants to print as much news of Subordinate Lodge activities as it can possibly handle. There are, of course, the limitations of space and that all important problem of time. We must send the magazine to our printer considerably in advance of the day it reaches you each month.

Therefore, will you note on your records that all material sent for publication in The Elks Magazine should be in our hands not later than the first of the month preceding the date of issue of the Magazine—for example, news items intended for the May issue should reach us by March 15th.

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ball teams were winning national championships. No event was too insignificant for him. If the finals of a class table tennis tournament was being played, Rockne was there to present a nickel-plated cup to the winner. He and his coaches worked with the dubs as well as the glamour boys. Indeed, many Notre Dame men who are famous football coaches now got their first training working with the hall teams to which they were assigned by Rockne as an important part of their varsity training.

Another result of intramural athletics, in case the directors are interested in tangible returns, is the heightened spirit and interest it engenders in the old school.

Sophisticates are inclined to sneer delicately at college spirit as an adolescent hangover, but it is a forty-second relation of patriotic fervor.

And by the way, you don't hear people these days going around and putting the blast on patriotism as a juvenile emotion, do you?

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 14)

job and is one of the bossiest individuals you ever saw when he arrives at the scene of action.

But those phony calls never fooled old Smoke—Smokey, his fellow members call him. Why? We don't pretend to know. The answer is only to be found in the recesses of Smokey's brain and if you've ever owned a Dalmatian, you'll know that these are among the wisest and most reticent of all dogs.

Yes, the Dalmatian is a sagacious dog and the claim made by his breeders that he's no chatterbox is fully justified. He's not at all given to sounding off idle alarms but when he does speak, the wise owner listens.

Precisely where and when this fine breed originated is another of those canine mysteries. There's agreement among some authorities that this occurred somewhere along the eastern shore of the Adriatic. Others more specific allocate this definitely to Dalmatia, a province of Yugoslavia. Hence the breed name. And yet there are ancient frescoes in Egyptian tombs that picture spotted dogs not unlike these. But no matter—for working purposes Dalmatian will do and is accepted everywhere.

He's a fine up-standing animal, the Dal, and he LOOKS like a dog, there being nothing freakish about him. He stands squarely on four legs, has a proper tail and his ears are not

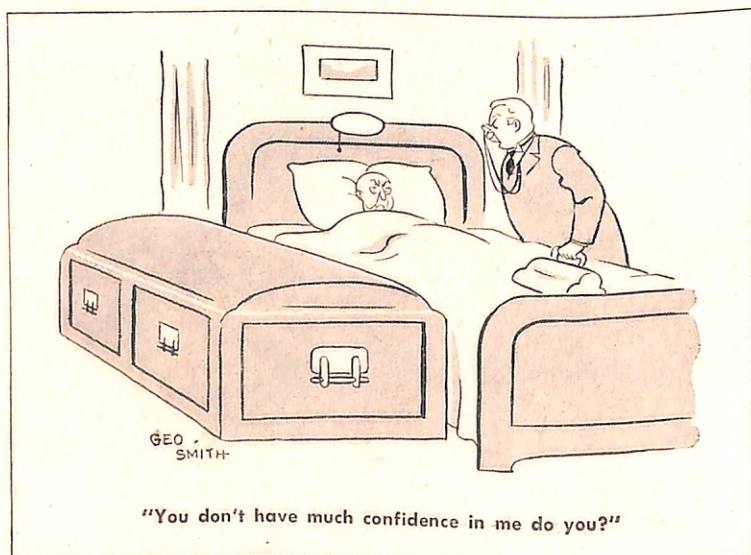
mutilated as is so unfortunately a fashionable requirement for some breeds.

Off-hand, we find it hard to think of a single breed that wears a greater assortment of mis-nomers.

When he was first introduced into England from the Continent he was called the "Gypsy dog" because it was believed that he was brought to the tight little Isle by a band of those nomads.

For hundreds of years there's been a strange affinity between the Dalmatian and Dobbin. Why—nobody knows, and seeing that nobody does, we can hazard a home-grown guess. The Dal is an independent sort of fellow and we wonder if this isn't because he prefers the freedom of the stable to the restrictions of his master's house. Although let us add right here that he does make a darned good house pet. We've owned two in our time.

Back in stage-coach days his was a familiar figure trotting underneath the coach or sitting alongside of the driver. But his presence was not prompted by an aimless desire to gad about. He had the serious duty to guard both coach and luggage whenever a stop was made in the course of the journey. Not all of the Inns of the day enjoyed unblemished reputations. From about 1800 to 1850 the breed became increasingly



GEO. SMITH

"You don't have much confidence in me do you?"

popular, reaching its greatest usefulness as a coach dog during the last part of this period. It is interesting to note how long the name "coach dog" has clung to the Dalmatian. Naturally the breed found acceptance in private stables, and so on up to the end of the horse and buggy days it continued to be identified with the horse. Its use this way soon led it to be called the "carriage dog" and this name too still finds ready acceptance.

Across the Big Drink you'll find a lot of guys and gals think of the Dalmatian as the "plum-pudding dog" and some of them are not kidding either.

He's even seriously been termed the "leopard dog" and it was Mark Twain who said of him that he wasn't sure whether he was a black dog with white spots or a white dog with black spots.

For some cock-eyed reason he's officially catalogued as a non-sporting dog (each breed being placed in one of six groups, i.e., working dogs—sporting dogs—hounds—terriers—toy dogs and non-sporting). Actually the Dalmatian can be trained to be a fine hunting dog and among some experts there's more than a half-belief that he's cousin to the Pointer.

The small-fry won't remember this but there's many an oldster who will. It was the experience of being fortunate enough to be in the vicinity of a city firehouse and suddenly hear the racket and banging of an alarm. There weren't many things more thrilling than to see the doors swing open and, with a clatter unlike anything else we can now recall, the engine would come roaring out, moved by the efforts of three powerful horses. Almost without fail, galloping ahead or perched somewhere on the truck would be a Dalmatian. Just as it does today, the apparatus would leave in its wake a stream of small boys, oddly resembling (to us) the tail on a comet.

In spite of the mechanical age forcing the retirement of the horse for fire duty, the Dalmatian refuses to quit. He became a fireman, a "fire dog", and, by gosh, he's going to remain one, come Hell or High water. And "fire dog" he's called by many today.

Although the Dalmatian has be-

come the fireman's dog his usefulness in this direction doesn't stop with being a mere guardian of the firehouse or pet of the fire fighters. Countless instances have been cited to show that he takes his work more seriously than that. Time after time newspaper stories appear showing the Dalmatian as a valuable aid in effecting the rescue of people from burning buildings.

There's the story of Bill, London firedog; Bill would sleep all day but regularly to the dot would awaken his master who served on a night shift. He never varied a moment of time, nor did he ever miss a fire unless he was injured, and this happened five times. He was run over eight times and once fell through a burned hole in the floor of a flaming building into a vat of scalding water. But he survived and rendered good service for several years thereafter.

Then there was Bob, true Dalmatian and true fireman who'd climb ladders into burning rooms. He once rescued a child who would have otherwise died and, believe it or not, he even rescued a cat. He was a martyr to his duty too, being later run over and killed by his own engine.

Still another, the dog named "Chance", would accompany his fellow firemen and by way of trying to do his bit would drag pieces of burning wood or anything else that he could handle, out of buildings. He, too, died after a bad injury received in the course of duty.

"MIKE" mascot of Engine 8, New York City, had the unique distinction of carrying his own railway pass. This was given to him in recognition of his services. It was engraved on a silver plate attached to his collar and he made use of it. Every day he'd accompany one of the members—not always the same one—home to dinner. But he would always choose a member who lived in the vicinity of the railway. When he would have his fill he would promptly return alone to the firehouse riding proudly on one of the railway cars. Every conductor along the line knew him and his pass was always honored.

One of the high-lights of the 1941 Westminster (Madison Square Gar-



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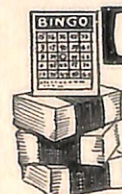
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den) dog show was the entry of eighty Dalmatians that were attached to as many different firehouses. True, these dogs were pure specimens of the breed but they were not judged for show points as were other Dalmatians. Each dog was chaperoned by a uniformed fireman and it was a very colorful spectacle. Out of twenty-five finalists, the judges, among them Fire Commissioner McElligot of New York City, awarded first prize honors to the dog "King" of Engine 311.

Yes, he has a lot to recommend him, this handsome spotted fellow. Incidentally, he's one of the few of his species that changes color as he grows older; Dalmatian puppies are born solid white. The spots appear later. While on this subject we'll add that this dog, as most people know him, in black and white, but there are two other versions of him—one liver and white, and another, but very rare, a combination of all three colors. Full pigmentation usually comes only with maturity.

Certainly we can give this dog the citation it deserves. It's a "duty" dog, every inch. He is, more often than not, highly intelligent. He leans to the serious side although he can be merry when he wants to be. He's a bit sensitive and not too sociable although he won't go out of his way to look for trouble. His breeders know him to be a peaceful sort, leaving others alone and asking the same indulgence be granted to him. Here is a well balanced friend whose record of achievement is admirable.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

is that all cheaper to medium-priced tackle and other equipment will be upped in price.

Present indications are that fewer reel twirlers will be operating this season. The reasons are obvious. In the first place, a lot of anglers have been taken out of circulation and more will follow. And those who haven't joined the fighting forces will find little time to dunk a worm. Then, too, the rubber situation is bound to discourage piscatorial gypsies; what fishing the boys do likely will be close to home as possible. There won't be many of those carefree 500- to 1000-mile angling jaunts this year in the family jalopy.

Angling on city watersheds, particularly in heavily populated areas, is bound to be strictly regulated or prohibited entirely. And the salt water rod and reel talent on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts won't be indulging in much offshore trolling or chumming, if any. There are several equally obvious reasons for this prediction, as follows:

A sizable number of party and charter fishing boats, along with their skippers and mates, have gone into the Coast Guard Reserve for the duration, and just won't be doing business-as-usual at the old stand.

Then, too, it isn't probable the Coast Guard will permit the deep water boys to pursue their carefree ways with enemy subs working close inshore. War-time patrol and rescue work develops enough headaches without bidding for more trouble.

Another important angle is that fishing boat skippers will find it increasingly difficult to obtain necessary parts when breakdowns occur. Commercial fishing boats will have first call on such replacements—not the rod and reel boys.

Least affected by the war will be surfers and other of the inshore salt water fishing clan. The present world unpleas-

antness isn't going to prevent the boys from snaffling an occasional mess of flounders.

Already there's speculation about the possible effects reduced license receipts will have on fishing—and hunting—throughout the various states, with opinions about evenly divided.

Some argue that the respite resulting from a decreased number of sportsmen afield will have its beneficial effect. There will be fewer fish caught, they contend, and fewer birds shot. Also, seasonal fish and game carryovers will be larger.

The other half of the clan isn't so sure. While they admit less fished or shot-over localities probably will benefit by the recess, regions where the rod and gun traffic is heavy are bound to suffer, and for the following reason:

If the war extends over a period of years, fish and game liberation programs are bound to be curtailed. Fewer license purchasers spells slashed appropriations around any state game commission, with hatchery and game farm budgets usually the first to be axed. One can argue that fewer rod and gunners afield and reduced catches and kills will offset reduced stocking programs,

and perhaps they will. However, there are too many unforeseen factors in the conservation picture to make that theory a certainty.

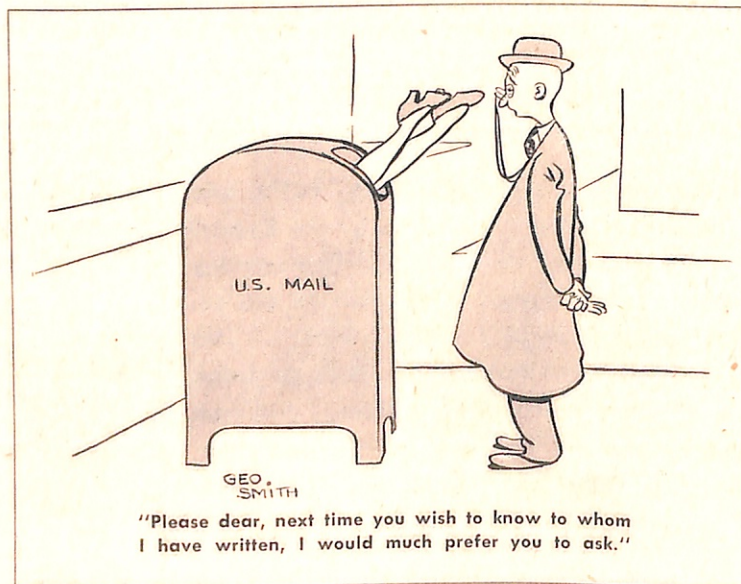
For instance, vermin continues to take its annual toll, and a reduced number of sportsmen afield doesn't mean fewer predators on the loose. Quite the contrary.

Any optimist who believes anything short of continued wholesale fish and game plantings in heavily populated areas won't be necessary during the war interval is only kidding himself. Many states can curtail such work without losing ground, perhaps, but in many others it would wreck years of effort. The days when streams and game cover were repopulated by nature disappeared with the appearance of Henry Ford's sterling invention. That is, if the stream or game cover happens to be in the vicinity of a hard-surfaced road.

It is often argued that World War I gave this continent's wildfowl a breather; that the four-year respite witnessed a big duck increase because of reduced shooting on both sides of the line. Matter of fact, there was a noticeable gain. But it was the big night before the terrific hangover. Actually, World War I almost dealt the sport of wildfowl-

ing a knockout blow. For that unforeseen factor entered the picture in the shape of ill-advised, war-inspired drainage projects in Canada's prairie provinces. Vast duck-nesting areas were ruined and the cost has been millions and millions of ducks annually for the past two decades. Today, as World War II gets into stride, the damage of 20 years ago is only partly repaired.

If the past war is any yardstick, all salt water food fish along our coasts will take a serious beating unless the Fish and Wildlife Service exercises some control over the commercial fishing



"Please dear, next time you wish to know to whom I have written, I would much prefer you to ask."

industry. Oceanic catches have been declining for years and war-inspired, stepped-up commercial netting will make an already bad situation worse.

Pacific Coast salmon runs were the principal victims 20 years ago; in some localities the sockeye runs were all but exterminated. There should be no repetition of such abuses, even in the name of national defense.

Best guesses are that fish and game plenitude will remain at approximately present levels for the next two years, with no appreciably heavy gains or declines. After that it's anybody's guess. However, by that time there will be evidence aplenty to reveal whether our national wildlife resources are holding their own, losing or gaining as a result of the war effort. With intelligent state and federal management, gains can almost be assured.

BY this time you've probably heard that the .45 caliber Colt automatic, standard sidearm of this country's fighting forces since 1911, soon will be a relic, along with the Krags, Enfields and other weapons of a bygone era. The .45 handgun is largely to be replaced by the new "U. S. Carbine, caliber .30, M-1," developed by the Winchester Repeating Arms Co.

This newest weapon, about 36 inches from butt to muzzle and weighing 4.63 pounds, scales four and one-half pounds less than the Garand and will be issued to a majority of troops who formerly toted a pistol, exclusive of majors, colonels and such like.

The little bullet spewer, gas-operated like the heavier Garand, packs plenty of authority. Cartridges are fed into the chamber from a staggered, 15-shot clip, and the 110-grain jacketed pill whips out with a muzzle velocity of 1900 feet per second. It will be effective to 300 yards—perhaps a bit beyond.

Although the ammunition used in the carbine is of .30 caliber, the cartridge is long and straight, not bottlenecked, and the 110-grain bullet gets its push from 14.5 grains of du Pont military powder. The primer is of the noncorrosive, nonmercuric type. Because of its light weight,

troops will carry plenty of ammunition, and, considering the weapon's fast rate of fire, will need plenty when the chips are down.

One recently established fact is that gas, when drawn off close to the chamber before cooling can take place, prevents carbonization of a weapon's piston and gas port, and the M-1 is so designed. This feature eliminates considerable trouble in the field and the necessity of frequent carbon scraping.

Before its adoption the M-1 was put through a series of abusive tests, including sustained firing, exposure to weather and burial in grit, but the trim little gun came through those ordeals with conspicuous success. Despite its short barrel, the gun revealed high accuracy. What's more, any trooper can shoot it with deadly effectiveness, which is considerably more than ever could be said for the old .45 handgun. The .45 was a man-stopper when the bullet connected; the big hitch was that only about one man in a thousand could hit anything with it beyond ten paces.

Army experts figure adoption of the new weapon will increase offensive fire power a full 33 percent, but in actual combat the figure probably will be higher.

The carbine is equipped with a convenient carrying sling which permits toting the weapon slantwise across the back, thereby leaving both hands free. Troopers equipped with the new gun probably will be the envy of those burdened down with the heavier—and harder to carry—Garand.

THE past gunning season produced its usual crop of tragic and comic stories, but one which combined both tragedy and grim comedy came out of Alaska.

Seems an Indian went out hunting and shot another Indian in mistake for a moose. The careless Indian later was brought to Anchorage to stand trial, but the manslaughter charge wasn't pressed. Instead, the Indian was convicted of hunting moose out of season and tossed into the can for 90 days!

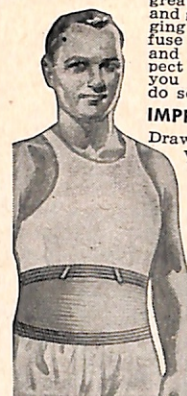
Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 40)

Bernard D. Doyle, of Merced, Calif., Lodge, No. 1240, boarded their train at Merced to join them on their trip to Bakersfield. At Fresno, the next stop, an advance reception committee consisting of P.E.R.'s Frank Digier and Howard Nichols joined the party for the rest of the journey. At Bakersfield, a reception committee which included Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, of Los Angeles Lodge, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings, of Glendale Lodge, P.D.D. J. O. Reavis, of Bakersfield Lodge No. 266, Chairman of the Reception Committee, and Mayor Alfred Siemon, met the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party and escorted them to the Hotel

El Tejon. A party in the Blossom Room of the hotel preceded a delightful banquet in honor of Judge McClelland, the members of his party and the District Deputies and Exalted Rulers of many of the valley lodges. That evening a fine class of candidates was initiated in the lodge room and the Exalted Ruler of Bakersfield Lodge, William R. Hulsey, turned the meeting over to the District Deputy and it was continued as a meeting of the East Central District with Mr. Doyle presiding. Mr. Zietlow, Mr. Masters and the visiting Exalted Rulers were introduced and then Mr. Doyle presented Mr. Shannon who introduced Judge McClelland. The Grand Exalted Ruler's

"Say YOU LOOK GREAT Now!"



We all like to hear our friends say that. It gives us a new lease on life, a greater determination to do things and go places. Now if you have a sagging waistline . . . if your clothes refuse to fit . . . if you feel untidy and uncomfortable, you can't expect friends and associates to give you honest compliments. Why not do something about it?

IMPROVE YOUR APPEARANCE

Draw that sagging abdomen in and up with a Tux Appearance Belt. You'll marvel at the improvement. The Tux is utterly unlike most abdominal supports. There are no uncomfortable jockey straps, no laces, no buckles, hooks or buttons. Just slip it on. That's all there is to it. Our scientific fitting assures perfect satisfaction. We guarantee it.

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Please send me at once, without obligation, complete details about your Tux Appearance Belt, also your special introductory price and money-back guarantee.

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Without Painful Backache

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

don't WORRY

Why put up with years of needless discomfort and worry? Try a Brooks Automatic Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance permits the opening to close, yet holds reducible rupture securely, comfortably—day and night. Thousands report amazing results. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or stiff springs to chafe or gouge. Made for men, women and children. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Never sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan and proof of results. Correspondence confidential.



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Thousands relieved from pain walk freely with HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORTS. Write for Free Booklet "FOOT FACTS"

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talk to the Elks assembled was broadcast over radio station KERN. At the conclusion of his speech, a response was made by Mr. Hastings. Interspersing the program were songs by the famous Glendale Elks Quartet.

On the following morning, Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland's motorcade, escorted by California State Highway Patrol, was driven to Pomona, Calif., to be greeted at the home of Pomona Lodge No. 789 by Bert T. Harvey, Chairman of the Reception Committee, Clyde E. Houston, President of the Los Angeles County Fair, the Trustees of Pomona Lodge and many other Elks. The party was then taken to the headquarters of the Indoor Sports Club, a club of handicapped persons sponsored by the lodge. Judge McClelland was presented with a large American flag by the president, Mrs. Viola Higgins, who requested the Grand Exalted Ruler to present it to the members of the Order who are being cared for at the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va. The gift was made in appreciation of the support the Flag Division of the Club has received from the Elks.

THE party was then taken to the Los Angeles County Fair where Judge McClelland was greeted by one of California's most distinguished native sons, Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, P.E.R. of Santa Monica Lodge No. 906, and his famous Los Angeles County Sheriff Posse. The visitors enjoyed tremendously a horse show staged for their entertainment by Lindsey M. Mills, a member of Pomona Lodge. The festivities were concluded at the fair grounds with the serving of an old-fashioned Spanish barbecue by beautiful California señoritas. The party then proceeded to the home of Pomona Lodge where a meeting was held presided over by E.R. Homer L. Duffy. At the conclusion of the meeting, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was driven with motorcycle escort to the home of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 where a stop was made for an informal reception. The visitors then proceeded to the Oakmont Country Club where a dinner was tendered them by Glendale Lodge No. 1289. After the dinner, the guests assembled in the lodge room of Glendale Lodge, the home lodge of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight George D. Hastings. P.E.R. Archie L. Walters, Mayor of Glendale, welcomed them on behalf of the city and D.D. Victor D. McCarthy, of Redondo Beach Lodge No. 1378, responded for the lodges in his district, Calif., S. Cent. The twenty Exalted Rulers, representing all of the lodges in the district, made brief remarks, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon was then called upon to introduce the Grand Exalted Ruler, who delivered an inspiring address. Mr. Hastings responded, voicing the Southern California lodges' appreciation of Judge McClelland's visit. The famous Charters of Los Angeles Lodge No. 99 furnished music throughout the program and "The Toppers" of Pasadena Lodge No. 672 acted as Honorary Escort to the Grand Exalted Ruler.

Inspection of the mammoth Douglas Aircraft Plant and defense projects in the Long Beach and Los Angeles Harbor, a civic luncheon and a reception at the lodge home were the highlights of the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit

to Long Beach on Saturday, December 6. Accompanied by Mr. Masters, Mr. Zietlow, other high ranking officials of the Order and executives of the Douglas Aircraft Company, Judge McClelland made a tour of the factory after which the party was shown the gigantic Long Beach Airport where all planes made in that section of the country are given final inspection. The visitors were then taken to a yacht at the Long Beach Navy Landing for an inspection of the enormous defense projects under way in the Long Beach and Los Angeles Harbor, including the four major ship yards in the community. This was on December 6th, the day before Japan's attack upon our nation, and the Grand Exalted Ruler's party was the last group of civilians escorted through the defense area of the section. At the conclusion of the tour, a civic luncheon was tendered Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland in the Sky Room atop the Hilton Hotel. More than 100 Army, Navy, City and Elk officials attended. Among those at the Grand Exalted Ruler's table were P.D.D. Newton M. Todd, of Long Beach Lodge No. 888, who presided, Francis H. Gentry, Mayor of Long Beach, Mr. Masters, Mr. Hastings and Mr. Zietlow, E.R. Russell Pavey, Long Beach, D.D. Victor D. McCarthy, Redondo Beach, Capt. Willis W. Bradley, Jr., U. S. N. Board of Inspection and Survey and holder of a Congressional Medal of Honor, Capt. Richard B. Kaufman, U. S. Navy, Commandant, National Operating Base, Long Beach, Col. W. W. Hicks, U. S. Army, Commandant, Fort McArthur, Senior Army Officer of that area in charge of Shore Line Defense, Los Angeles and Long Beach Harbor, Brig. Gen. James S. Meade, U. S. Marine Corps, Lieut. Col. M. A. Sine, U. S. Army, Commandant Air Corps Facilities, and Howard E. Houghton, Manager of the Long Beach Douglas plant.

THE luncheon was followed by a reception at the home of Long Beach Lodge, with more than 400 members in attendance. Judge McClelland was presented with a unique token of the lodge's esteem, a hammered brass plaque with a U. S. Defense Bond mounted upon it. The plaque was engraved as follows: "To Our National Defense Grand Exalted Ruler from Long Beach Lodge No. 888". Entertainment and a buffet supper climaxed the festivities. Judge McClelland and his party, with a delegation of Long Beach members, then paid brief visits to Compton Lodge No. 1570 and Huntington Park Lodge No. 1415. Among those present, and also largely responsible for the wonderful reception ac-

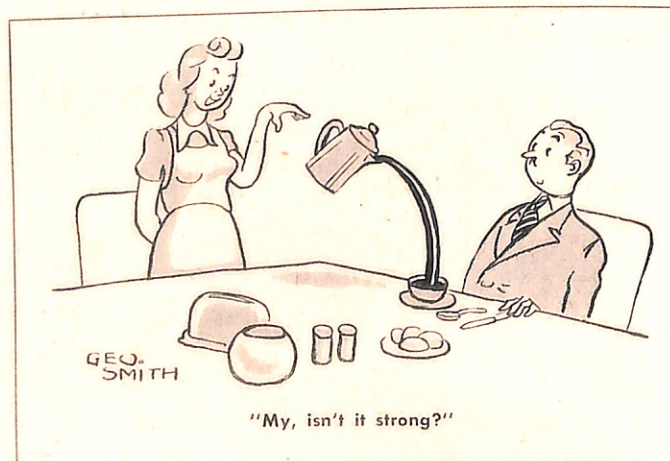
corded the Grand Exalted Ruler, were P.D.D.'s Lloyd C. Leedom and Mr. Todd, Mr. Pavey, E.R., Trustees Arthur B. Cheroske and Bernard A. Doolley, Est. Lead. Knight A. W. Hill and Judge Fred Miller, Chairman of the Long Beach Lodge Defense Committee. As a result of the enthusiasm inspired by the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Long Beach, a class of 60 candidates was initiated in his honor on the Monday following the visitation.

In company with Mr. and Mrs. Masters and Mr. Zietlow, Judge McClelland arrived in Albuquerque, N. M., on December 8. This visitation, reported in last month's issue of the Magazine, was one of the most enjoyable of the entire trip. A feature of the festivities following the banquet was an Indian ceremonial dance. The Grand Exalted Ruler was officially made a Chief of the Pueblo Tribe and given the name of "Chief Cicus", meaning "The Friendly One". Beautiful Navajo blankets were presented to Judge McClelland, Mr. Masters and Mr. Zietlow by the Elks of New Mexico.

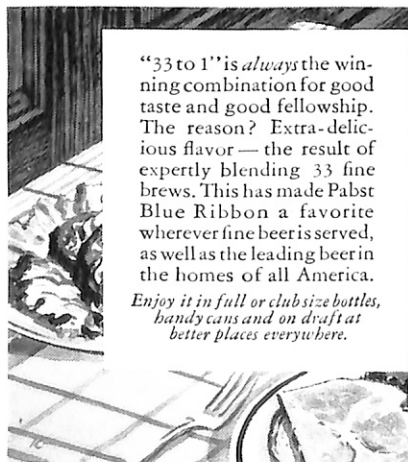
THE next morning the Grand Exalted Ruler, accompanied by Mr. Zietlow, left Albuquerque for Amarillo, Tex. Grand Secretary Masters had found it necessary to return to his office in Chicago. Upon their arrival, Judge McClelland and Mr. Zietlow were met at the station by a delegation from Amarillo Lodge No. 923, headed by E.R. Charles W. Keith, Jr., and also D.D. Ralph E. Dallinger, Plainview, and escorted to their hotel where a conference was held with a number of leading Amarillo Elks. At 5 p. m., Judge McClelland and Mr. Zietlow were taken to the lodge home where they met the members of the Aviation Cadets Corps who are under the sponsorship of Amarillo Lodge. At six-thirty a banquet was held in honor of the distinguished visitors followed by a lodge meeting at which a large class of candidates was initiated and the Grand Exalted Ruler made an inspiring address. Mr. Zietlow also spoke. The meeting was attended by a large delegation of members from the lodges of the Texas, West, District.

On December 11, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Zietlow arrived at Fort Worth, Tex., where they were met by E.R. Herschel I. Stine and Secy. J. Rolie Pray of Fort Worth Lodge No. 124, M. A. deBettencourt, of Houston Lodge, Pres. of the Tex. State Elks Assn., D.D. C. B. McConnell, Wichita Falls, Tex., and P.E.R. Wilhelm Esch, Fort Worth, Chairman of the Reception Committee. At the Texas Hotel, where Judge McClelland held a conference with Elks of the State of Texas, he and

Mr. Zietlow were joined by Grand Treasurer George M. McLean, of El Reno, Okla., and Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight George W. Loudermilk, of Dallas, Tex. Judge McClelland was the guest of honor at a dinner at the lodge home at 8 p. m. Mr. Stine presided and Judge Walter Morris acted as Toastmaster. Distinguished guests at the dinner included Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell of Dallas, Mr. Zietlow, Mr. McLean, Mr. deBettencourt, Mr. Loudermilk and Mr. McConnell. Representatives of lodges in Dallas, Wichita Falls, Breckenridge, and Tyler, Tex., and Tucumcari, N. M., attended.



Mystery of the Missing Combination



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WHAT! A girl training men to fly for Uncle Sam?

THE name is Lennox—Peggy Lennox. She's blonde. She's pretty. She may not look the part of a trainer of fighting men, but—She is one of the few women pilots qualified to give instruction in the CAA flight training program. And the records at Randolph and Pensacola of the men who learned to fly from Peggy show she's doing a man-sized job of it. She's turned out pilots for the Army . . . for the Navy. Peggy is loyal to both arms of the service. Her only favorite is the favorite in every branch of the service—Camel cigarettes. She says: "It's always Camels with me—they're milder."

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PEGGY LENNOX SAYS:

"THIS IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME.
EXTRA MILD—
AND THERE'S
SOMETHING SO
CHEERING ABOUT
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• "Extra mild," says Peggy Lennox. "Less nicotine in the smoke," adds the student, as they talk it over—over Camels in the pilot room above.

Yes, there *is* less nicotine in the smoke of slower-burning Camels . . . extra mildness...but that alone doesn't

tell you why, with smokers in the service . . . in private life, as well . . . Camels are preferred.

No, there's something else...something *more*. Call it flavor, call it pleasure, call it what you will, you'll find it only in Camels. You'll *like* it!



Don't let those eyes and that smile fool you. When this young lady starts talking airplanes—and what it takes to fly 'em—brother, you'd listen, too . . . just like these students above.



She may call you by your first name now and then, but when she calls you up for that final "check flight," you'd better know your loops inside and out. It's *strictly regulation* with her.



Yes, and with Instructor Peggy Lennox, it's *strictly* Camels, too. "Mildness is a rule with me," she explains. "That means slower-burning Camels. There's less nicotine in the smoke."

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28% LESS NICOTINE

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• BY BURNING 25%
SLOWER than the average
of the 4 other largest-selling
brands tested—slower than
any of them—Camels also
give you a smoking *plus*
equal, on the average, to

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EXTRA SMOKES
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